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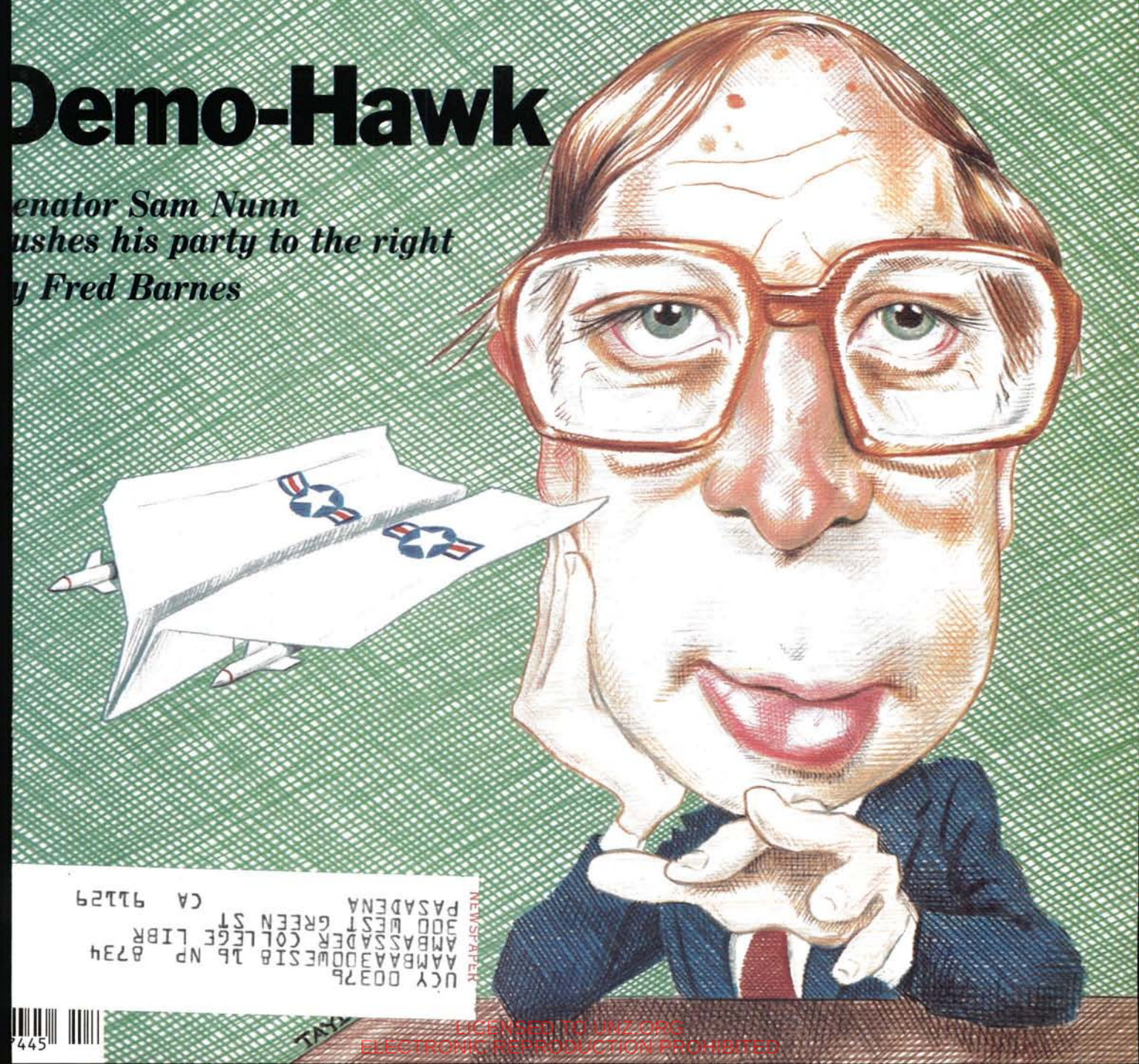

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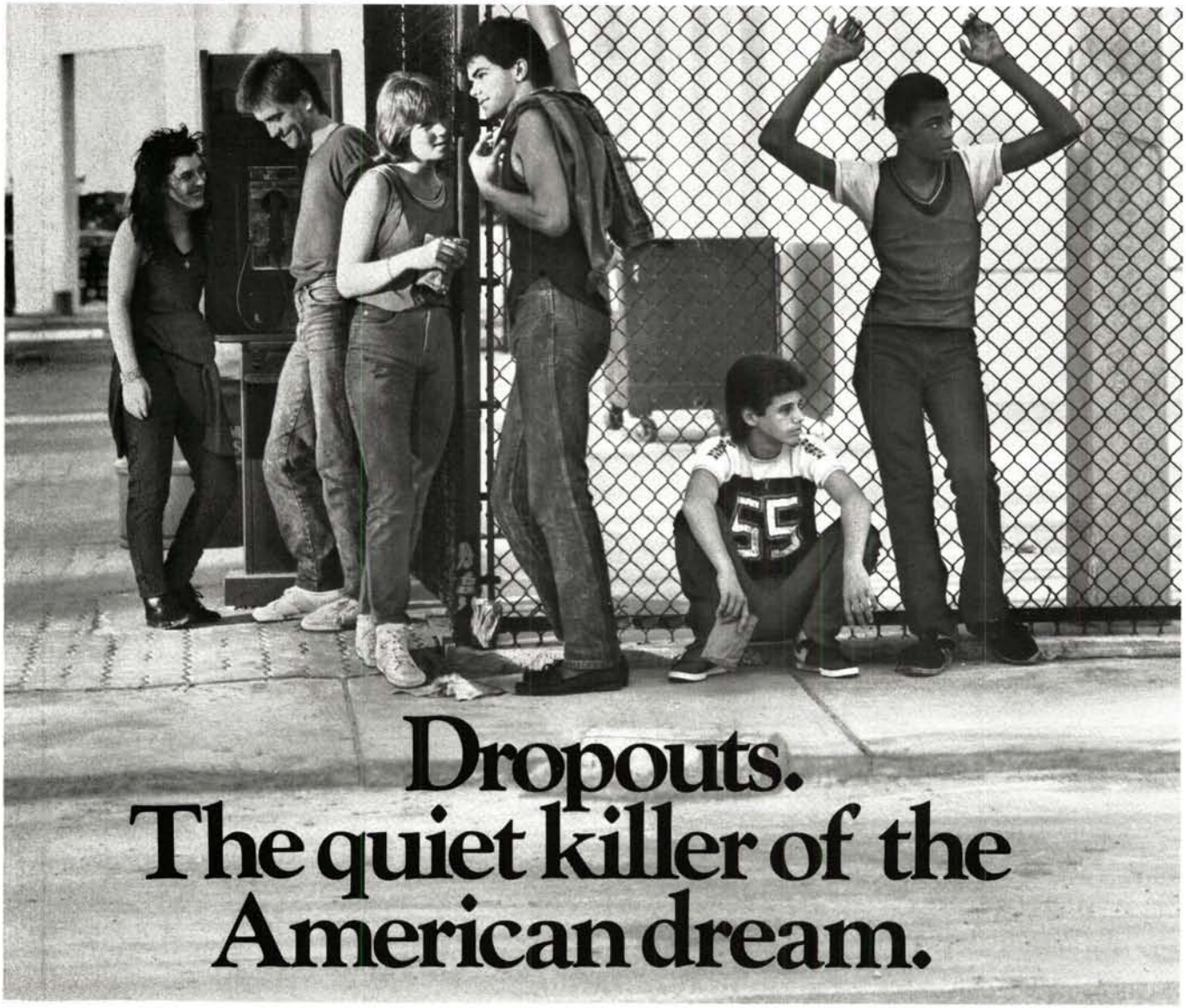

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The Business Advisory Commission of the Education Commission of the States recently called on all of society — business, schools, civic organizations, labor and professional groups — to address the dropout problem. We as a nation cannot let one quarter of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from academic failure. NEA has committed $1.7 million to this effort — one dollar for every NEA member. We will devote $700,000 to this war-chest against scholastic failure to Operation Rescue, our new program to combat the dropout and illiteracy syndrome.

The remaining $1 million will establish an endowment to make educational excellence grants available to teachers for years to come. And we're asking other concerned groups — both inside and outside education — to join teachers in building this fund. Our aim is to begin funding local dropout prevention programs by the fall of 1986.

Our goal with Operation Rescue? We want to help cut the dropout rate in half by 1990.

Our goal as an association? In over 128 years, that's never wavered. We stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child.

nea
National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,719

WASHINGTON, D.C. — APRIL 28, 1986

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CORRESPONDENCE

LAND OF IRE

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC's article by British writer Geoffrey Wheatcroft ("Easter Charade," April 7) is racist and anti-Irish.

Wheatcroft says that "the central fact about the Easter Rising is that it was a violent, unsuccessful putsch against a democratic, constitutional state." The Easter Rising was against English rule in Ireland. It could be argued (maybe) that the English system, i.e., constitutional monarchy, is democratic in England, but it could not have been and never can be in Ireland. English rule on Irish soil is the very antithesis of democracy.

Wheatcroft claims that it is "obviously untrue" to say that Ireland is "one nation." Denying that Ireland is one nation is the British government's basic justification for Partition. The British partitioned Ireland in 1920. Yet for 700 years before that, they had ruled Ireland as one political, geographic, and economic unit. The moral here is that as long as the British could rule all of Ireland, it was one nation; the moment they couldn't, it was two nations.

On this 70th anniversary of the Easter Rising, the dying words of one of its leaders and martyrs, James Connolly, is as true as ever: "The British government has no right in Ireland, never had any right, and never can have any right in Ireland."

FATHER SEAN MCMANUS
National Director
Irish National Caucus, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Asking an Englishman to pass historical judgment on the Easter Rising of 1916 is akin to asking Yasir Arafat to adjudicate on the establishment of the state of Israel. Thus it is hardly surprising that Geoffrey Wheatcroft, a columnist for a London newspaper that has in recent years been cited many times for its racist anti-Irish cartoons, completely rewrites history, often inaccurately, in his attempt to defile the motives and memory of the founders of the Irish state. Sinn Fein, for instance, did not win all the seats in southern Ireland in the 1918 election. It did, however, win several seats in Ulster, which he omits to mention.

The crux of Wheatcroft's article seems to be that Ireland was a "democratic constitutional state" during the period when the Rising occurred. If this is so, and it is indisputably true that 75 percent of the people of Ireland voted for an independent Irish republic in the subsequent 1918 election, why was this overwhelmingly democratic vote thrown out and Partition installed?

Finally, comparing the Irish Rising to Hitler's putsch in 1923 is a gross insult. There is an Irish/Hitler comparison, however. The campaign of genocide waged by the British against the Irish, particularly during the famine, when millions starved to death as Britain shipped most of the food from the country, is comparable to Hitler's treatment of the Jews.

NIALL O'DOWD
Editor and Publisher
Irish America Magazine
New York, New York

DRIVE UP THE DRINKING AGE

To the editors:

In the Notebook section of March 17, TNR questions the efficacy of a national minimum drinking age of 21 to reduce death and injury associated with drunk driving. As the Senate sponsor of federal legislation to provide incentives for states to raise the drinking age to 21, I take exception to this position.

The Case Western Reserve study on drunk driving cited by TNR depends on data reported by the police—numbers that are highly unreliable. The study flies in the face of a wealth of data compiled by the Presidential Commission on Drunk Driving, the National Transportation Safety Board, the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, and numerous academic studies.

An analysis recently conducted by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology used the more reliable method of investigating the cause of actual highway deaths involving young people. This study covered 26 states and found an average decrease of 13 percent in highway deaths of young people due to drunk driving in those states that raised their minimum drinking age. These numbers mirror statistics from New Jersey. In 1984, when New Jersey raised its drinking age to 21, the number of drunk-driving deaths among those 18 to 20 years old was 22—10.3 percent of total such fatalities, down from 23 percent in 1981.

Raising the drinking age is no panacea, but failing to raise it in the face of all objective evidence will result in losing young lives that could be saved.

FRANK R. LAUTENBERG
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

DEFENSIVE RADAR

To the editors:

I can't help but think that TRB got out of bed on the wrong side the day he wrote the article on radar detectors ("Lawbreaker's Friend," March 10). Perhaps the acceptance and popularity of these devices aroused his pique. The column implied that radar detectors flaunt the law.

TRB charged that the radar detector industry exists "solely to aid in lawbreaking." He asked, "Why shouldn't this lawbreaker's tool be illegal?" A detector is no different from a hammer that can be used to build a house or to break a window. Or a car that can transport one minute and kill the next. All of these items can be used or misused. With his illogical stubbornness, TRB refused to acknowledge the possibility that detectors have a legal use.

Motorists whose livelihood involves frequent driving look at their detectors as insurance. They are aware that approximately one out of every five radar-based speeding tickets is spurious. They are aware that a few unwarranted tickets could deprive them of their licenses and their livelihoods.

Second, Kinsley implied that radar detectors have no legal purpose. I suggest that he do a little reading. Perhaps then he'll understand why drivers purchase radar detectors to defend themselves against error-prone traffic radar units.

JANICE LEE
President, Radio Association Defending Airwave Rights, Inc.
Tipp City, Ohio

TRISTES TROPIQUES

To the editors:

I have reason to believe that some of the readers of my article on Haiti were unhappy with or strongly disapproved of the title attached to it: "Haiti's Horrible

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Dear Friend,

You guessed it. This is a chain letter. You say you haven't received one of these since your best friend from high school sent one saying that if you broke the chain, you'd risk incredible bad luck? That a bricklayer from Brooklyn broke the chain, and lost all his equipment in a snowstorm, and his union card too, and then his wife left him besides? That a seamstress from Minnesota didn't, and while buying gas for her '47 Buick, found $632,589 on the sidewalk? THE VERY NEXT DAY?

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Gene Wilder

Gene Wilder and . . .

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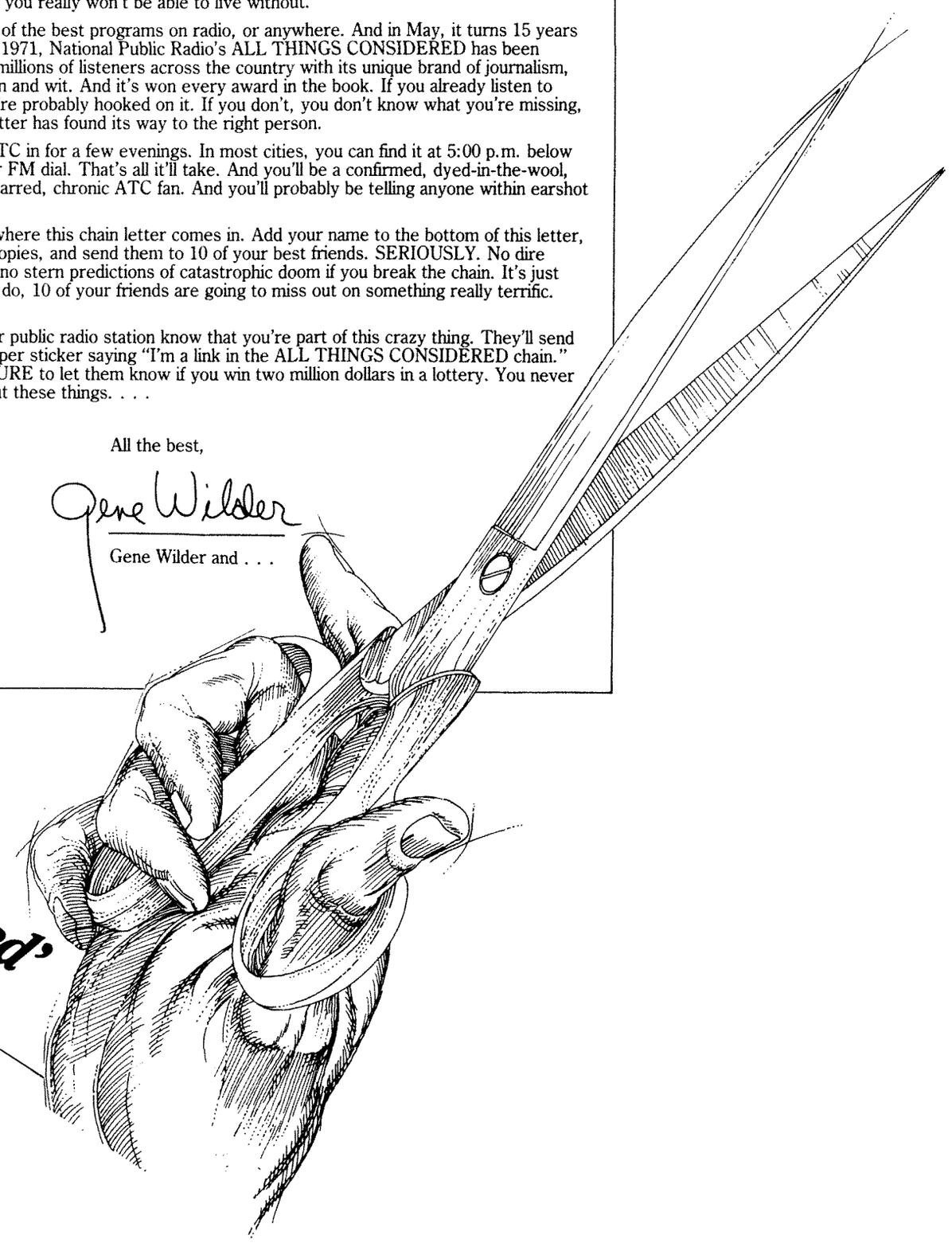

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

ACCESS, MY FOOT

It was a big year over at the Office of Government Ethics. According to a special "1985 Year in Review" edition of *Ethics Newsgram*, the O.G.E. newsletter, "The most visible change . . . was the adoption of an office logo." While the ethics cops were admiring their new logo (an upraised hand on a flag-motif background, with the slogan "Public Service—Public Trust"), the most visible change during 1985 in the larger world of government ethics was the final and official abandonment of all restraint by former government officials cashing in on their connections.

The appropriate logo for this development might be Michael Deaver's outstretched hand on a background of cash, with the slogan "$500,000, please." That's a typical Deaver annual fee. Less than a year out of the gate, the former White House deputy chief of staff is billing clients at an annual rate of over four million dollars. He's about to sell his virtually brand-new company to the British firm of Saatchi and Saatchi for $18 million. The Messrs. Saatchi are close advisers of Margaret Thatcher, making this the first transatlantic influence-peddling conglomerate.

Just lately, the newspapers have been filled with scandalized reports that Deaver met with Budget Director James Miller on behalf of the B-1 bomber, produced by his client Rockwell International. This episode surely deserves the 1986 Captain Renault Award (in honor of the character in *Casablanca* who is "shocked, shocked" to discover gambling going on at Rick's Café). After all, Deaver was just doing what he's paid for. As he himself says, "I wonder what people thought I was going to do when I left the White House. Be a brain surgeon?" Of course not. Why make the financial sacrifice?

It's fun watching Deaver trying to explain how he earns his fees. He is not, he says, "in the business of trying to persuade officials to do something on behalf of my clients." Oh no, he would "never use my relationship [with the Reagans] on behalf of a client." And, "I really resent the suggestion . . . that all I've got to offer is the ability to pick up the phone and get the president."

So that's what he doesn't do. But what does he do? In a *Time* cover story a few weeks ago, he bragged, "There's no question I've got as good access as anybody in town." Now that the heat's on, he denies that he has "the kind of access that's being reported." Why, connections aren't even necessary in his business, because, "What we really are trying to do here is to help a client strategize whatever their objectives may be vis-à-vis Washington, D.C., or the world."

In fact, Deaver has nothing to offer except his connections to the White House. He is 47 years old and all he has done in his adult life is (in chronological order) work for Ronald Reagan in Sacramento, run a lobbying firm in Sacramento, work for Ronald Reagan in Washington, and run a lobbying firm in Washington. The value of being friends with the president is not that you can pick up the phone and call the president. It's that you can pick up the phone and call almost anyone else. Fellow citizens, try getting an appointment with Jim Miller to argue *against* the B-1 bomber if you don't believe me.

The current sophisticated view in Washington is that these gold-plated superlobbyists are actually ripping off their clients. That is, they're being paid to corrupt democracy, but they don't deliver. Well, it's undoubtedly true that (like most consultants in every field) these guys expend as much effort hustling their clients as they do hustling others on behalf of their clients. And it's also likely that superstitious corporations and foreign governments are simply paying, in part, for whatever magical properties might rub off from touching the hand that touched the hand of the president. But no one looking at, say, the progress of tax re-

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 28, 1986

OIL DRIP

The ideal price for oil would be $0 a barrel. As Henry George explained more than a century ago in *Progress and Poverty*, the cost of natural resources is nothing more than a tax on the productive elements of the economy—labor and capital. The $15 plummet in the price of oil during the past few months—from about $27 to about $12 a barrel—has been like a $90 billion annual tax cut for the American economy. The policy question is what we should do with our $90 billion.

Vice President Bush thinks we should give part of it back. Well, who knows what—or if—George Bush really thinks. During the first week in April, Bush said regarding the proper price of oil: (a) that he was going to urge the Saudis "that we not just have a continued free-fall . . . without a parachute"; (b) that "our answer is market, market—let the market forces work"; (c) that whereas the Saudis want higher prices, the United States "ought to be pleased" by low prices; and (d) "I don't know." He continues to imply, though, that there is some danger to the nation if prices get too low. Others say it outright.

The ostensible danger of low oil prices is fourfold. First, prices could go up again if we allow ourselves to get too dependent on foreign supplies. Second, apart from price, we need the guaranteed supply of oil that only a large domestic industry can provide. Third, low prices are devastating the energy-producing regions of the country, with potential ripple effects, mostly involving the collapse of banks. And fourth, Mexico and other Third World producers are also being devastated, with potentially explosive consequences, both political and economic.

The United States is a net energy importer. Therefore, it is a mathematical certainty that the nation as a whole is better off, not worse off, with lower prices. As with any dramatic economic change, there are winners and losers, but that's capitalism. When oil prices were going up, an equally dramatic and far less desirable change, those now complaining the loudest felt very strongly that the government shouldn't interfere. As for the ripple effects, banks in trouble are forever holding themselves hostage and demanding ransom. We're skeptical. But even if a bailout were required, doing it directly would be far cheaper than showering the oil regions with money in the hope that some of it will land where it's needed.

The foreign policy consequences of cheap oil are also generally favorable. Yes, it's bad for Mexico. But it's also disastrous for the Soviet Union. Cheap oil may cost the Soviets a third of their hard-currency earnings. It's a blessing for the very poorest nations—those with no oil of their own. And it's bad for the terrorist international, whose formerly oil-rich patrons will be watching their pennies in the future.

The national security argument for maintaining a domestic oil capacity cannot be laughed off. Nor can concerns of a future OPEC rip-off if we lower our guard too much now. What can be laughed off are most of the estimates of how the domestic industry would dry up with lower prices. For one thing, prices are not likely to stay as low as they are now. If they settle at $15 to $18 a barrel, most of the most productive wells will still be profitable, and so will continued exploration. In addition, there's a countervailing factor at work. If a steel plant shuts down, you don't have a steel plant. If an oil well shuts down, you may not have an oil well, but you do have the oil—in fact, you have more of it, in more accessible locations, than if you kept pumping away full speed. When and if prices go back up, you can reopen the well. (Yes, it's not quite that easy. But it's also not as hard as oil industry apologists would have you believe.)

Of all the policies being proposed for dealing with these problems, real and imagined, the most insane is Bush's original suggestion, echoed by Secretary of Energy John Herrington, that we should talk the price of oil back up, or at least try to prevent it from falling further. To start with, this would negate all the foreign policy benefits of lower oil prices worldwide. (And surely direct aid to Mexico would make more sense than indirect aid to Mexico, the Soviet Union, and Libya.) Financially, every dollar extra we pay for oil is a 30-cent gift to foreigners and a 70-cent subsidy to domestic oil producers.

An import fee is only marginally more sensible. At least in this case the foreigners' share of the take would go to the U.S. Treasury instead. But since an import fee will raise the

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price for domestic oil by an equal amount, it is in effect a huge and utterly unjustified handout to domestic oil producers. A ten-dollar-a-barrel import fee, for example, would raise about $20 billion for the government and transfer another $40 billion from oil consumers (including businesses) to producers.

A gasoline tax or other broad-based energy levy would prevent this unjustified windfall. In terms of preventing renewed overdependence on foreign oil, guarding our achievements in conservation is at least as important as continued domestic production. A gas tax would have the same effect in encouraging conservation as an import fee, but for any given burden on consumers and businesses, it would bring three times as much revenue to the government. The rule of thumb is that every penny increase in the gas tax would bring in a billion dollars of revenue. A 20-cent gas tax increase, for example, would be an easy $20 billion. Gasoline prices would still be below where they were six months ago, way below what consumers pay in almost every other country, and—in real terms—even below where they were at the beginning of the energy crisis.

How to use the money? Part of it should be used to fill up the Strategic Petroleum Reserve and, if possible, to create new reserves while oil remains cheap. Huge stockpiles of quickly available oil are our best defense against either a huge price hike or a sudden shutoff by foreign producers. Buying the oil from foreigners now at $12 a barrel makes a lot more sense than paying our own producers $27 a barrel in the hope that they'll still be producing at that price when and if we need them.

The rest of the money could be used to reduce the deficit, which isn't going to go away even with all this good news. If that's intolerably sensible, it also could be used to finance a reduction in the FICA (Social Security) tax, the most regressive and economically destructive of all federal taxes, and one that has increased dramatically during the supposedly tax-cutting Reagan years.

Oh. And a few dollars might profitably be invested in a copy of *Progress and Poverty* for George Bush.

Patriotic Gore

In 1986 it's unusual to find an example of brazen racist hate in a respectable national publication. We think we're reasonably slow to leap to accusations of anti-Semitism, but we don't shy from applying the label to an amazing article by the former wit Gore Vidal in the recent 120th anniversary issue of the *Nation*.

Vidal doesn't like the state of Israel. That is his privilege. He calls the Israelis "a predatory people . . . busy stealing other people's land in the name of an alien theocracy." Whether it is possible, in theory, to be anti-Zionist (that is, to believe that Israel should not exist) without being anti-Semitic is a question that park-bench scholastics have long puzzled over. That question needn't detain us here, though. Vidal makes clear that his hatred is not just for the Jewish state but for Jews.

Vidal's immediate targets are the neoconservative writers Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter. Twenty-six years ago, Vidal asserts, he told Podhoretz he was planning to write a play about the Civil War, and Podhoretz allegedly replied that he found the Civil War "remote and irrelevant." Vidal writes: "I realized then that he was not planning to become an 'assimilated American' . . . but rather, his first loyalty would always be to Israel. Yet he and Midge stay on among us, in order to make propaganda and raise money for Israel."

"Dual loyalty" is an ancient canard. Vidal goes further. He accuses Podhoretz and Decter—and, by extension, all American Jews who support Israel—of a *single* loyalty, to a foreign state. In essence, he accuses them of treason. "Our Israeli fifth columnists," he calls American Zionists. Addressing Podhoretz and Decter directly, he writes, "I don't much like your country, which is Israel."

Vidal's screed is infused with the idea that, political views aside, he is more of an American than Podhoretz or Decter because his ancestors arrived here "before Ellis Island." Although Vidal himself has lived abroad for decades, the descendants of more recent arrivals apparently have to prove their Americanism to him by being Civil War buffs. This kind of reactionary nativism is a familiar theme in American history, but it's odd to find it coursing through the pages of the *Nation*.

Odd, also, to read in this "progressive" journal that the U.S. is not its Jewish citizens' country, but their "host country." That is a classic anti-Semitic formulation. Indeed, Vidal has dipped his pen into the sewers of post-World War I Berlin and Vienna to invoke many of the classical themes of anti-Semitism. Most notable is the notion that Jewish writers are seizing the national culture for sinister alien values and alien ends. A smaller, but still revealing example is Vidal's spelling of the word "Yiddish" with a small "y." That is right out of the ancient code of contempt.

Before even getting around to the Jews, Vidal begins his article with a quick back-of-the-hand racist slur against Asians. "For America to survive economically in the coming Sino-Japanese world," he observes, "an alliance with the Soviet Union is a necessity. After all, the white race is a minority race . . . , and if the two great powers of the Northern Hemisphere don't band together, we are going to end up as farmers—or, worse, mere entertainment—for the more than one billion grimly efficient Asiatics."

The idea that the productive and pro-American Japanese, whose goods have done so much to improve American lives, are a bigger danger to us than the Communist military machine might perhaps be based in pig-ignorance. The even loonier implicit idea that those ancient enemies, Japan and China, are going to team up against us because we're white can only be ascribed to racism. These certainly are novel reasons for sympathy with the Soviet Union—a commodity some *Nation* readers are always on the lookout

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for—but novelty doesn't make them any more persuasive or attractive.

The *Nation* special issue displaying Vidal's venom also contained several celebratory ads from corporations, including a remarkable page from General Motors that said (in parody of the famous remark of G.M. chairman "Engine Charlie" Wilson three decades ago): "Congratulations on your first 120 years. What's good for *The Nation* is good for the country, and vice versa." We hope it doesn't sound too stuffy to suggest that racism is not good either for the *Nation* or for the country.

A footnote. When Vidal's novel *Lincoln* came out several years ago, we assigned it for review to Thomas Keneally, author of *Schindler's List*, a fictionalized account of a real-life German who had helped to save Jews during World War II. Keneally also had recently published an interesting essay about the historical novel. The idea, obviously, was that here was a writer with interesting thoughts about using real people in fiction. That's not how Vidal saw it. After Keneally's mildly negative review appeared, Vidal wrote to him: "Now here's the play. In tandem with *Commentary* . . . the Pravda of our Israeli Fifth Column . . . is *The New Republic*. . . . You were doubtless picked up as a reviewer who had proven his Semitophilia; and so would give me a bad review."

This man is ready for the funny farm.

NOTEBOOK

□COHERENT SYNTHESIS DEPARTMENT: We have been flabbergasted, not to say overwhelmed, by the response to our small notice (TNR, March 10) about looking for a new editorial writer. We received 545 inquiries. That's about one for every 170 subscribers. We were unprepared for such an intense response, and we're half-sorry we invited it, because there's no way we can give this enormous outpouring the care that was lavished on producing it. In response to our half-jesting remark that job requirements included "a coherent synthesis of liberal thought," an astonishing number of people produced multi-page essays—not all coherent, perhaps, but many at least as coherent as the synthesis presented weekly in these pages. Equally astonishing is the range and quality of the people who think they would like to to work here—including dozens and dozens of lawyers and Ph.D.s (both tenured and untenured), along with students, professional writers, business executives, and a wild variety of others around the country. The letters themselves have been wonderful. One man said that though he wasn't "a government bureaucrat and psychiatrist" (our description of Charles Krauthammer before coming to TNR), he *was* "a government bureaucrat who is seeing a psychiatrist." The effect of all this is, first, to make us grateful to be working here ourselves, and second, to make us even more grateful to have such an intelligent and engaged readership. Finally, we beg those who have inquired about the job for just a bit more patience. (And if you missed the notice, sorry: you're too late.)

□WHITHER THE DEMOCRATS, PART 935: "Mr. Jordan acknowledged that he held more liberal views when he served in the White House. He added that as he grew older and 'started making money' he became more conservative. . . ."—*New York Times*, reporting on Hamilton Jordan's campaign for the Senate from Georgia.

□TORTS AND STATES: We have complained often about America's insane tort litigation system. (Earlier this month a jury awarded a million dollars to a woman who claimed that hospital X rays had interfered with her "psychic powers.") So we sympathize with the Reagan administration's current efforts to curb lawsuit madness. But we can't help noting one irony. Since the tort system is a creature of state courts, the administration's commitment to reforming it keeps bumping up against its sentimental commitment to federalism. The administration's corporate supplicants are straightforwardly hypocritical. On matters such as environmental regulation, incorporation, and taxation, they like being able to play the states off against one another. On the matter of torts, they demand swift and stern action by the central government. The Reaganites, having sermonized about the superior quality of state government, are in a more delicate position. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the Justice Department may "propose a uniform standard" of tort liability, and "encourage states to [be] as consistent as possible." If the problem is as severe as administration spokesmen have been saying, why the pussyfooting? Why not straight, 200-proof Big Government? Try it, you'll like it.

□IT'S A TOUGH JOB, BUT . . .

Chairman Les Aspin

News Release

House Armed Services Committee

ASPIN SAYS MILITARY MAY BE WASTING PEOPLE

□REPUBLICAN-STYLE AFFIRMATIVE ACTION: The U.S. Civil Rights Commission has proposed an end to programs that reserve a set fraction of government contracts for businesses controlled by minorities and women. Affirmative action is a complicated and troubling issue, but of all the forms affirmative action takes, this one is the least justifiable. The beneficiaries are either prosperous business owners or, very often, "fronts" for businesses owned by white males. Exempting these lucky few from the rigors of free-market competition for government business costs the taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars a year. And yet minority business set-asides have been the one form of racial preference enthusiastically endorsed by the Re-

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publican Party, by the Reagan administration, and by the president himself. (See "Compassion, Reagan-Style," TRB, October 21, 1985.) Clarence Pendleton, the Reagan-appointed head of the Civil Rights Commission and the administration's noisiest critic of "reverse discrimination," until January ran a company that helped other companies get subsidized government loans reserved for minorities. (See "Bad Penny," TNR, April 14.) For an administration concerned with ending affirmative action abuses, these programs should be the first target, not the last.

□YOU READ IT HERE FIRST: "Kurt Waldheim was born in Austria in 1918. He came to manhood, as it were, with the Anschluss, dutifully following the normal path by taking part in the Nazi youth movement and serving in Hitler's army in various campaigns including the Eastern Front"—Shirley Hazzard, "The League of Frightened Men," TNR, January 19, 1980.

□BIG HELP:

PLO to help Athens combat terrorism

—*Times* of London, December 3, 1985

The airlines' cushy deal.

SOFT LANDING

THE REAGAN administration, in the name of free enterprise, has decided to give away billions of dollars' worth of public landing rights at America's busiest airports. Under a new Transportation Department rule, which took effect on April 1, airlines operating at National, O'Hare, LaGuardia, and Kennedy airports may sell their rights to take off and land at specific times—which cost them nothing—for whatever price they can get. Although nobody knows for sure what the 4,600 regulated slots at those four airports are worth, the investment house of Prudential-Bache recently estimated the value of each slot to be between $750,000 and one million dollars. At those prices, the federal government just walked away from almost $3.5 billion.

The landing rights—known as "slots"—are valuable because, in the era of deregulation, there is more demand for takeoffs and landings than the busiest airports can handle. Allowing airlines to buy and sell their slots was envisaged as a way to solve this problem through the workings of the free market. That's fine. But why was it necessary for the government to kick off this new market by giving away the slots to the airlines that happened to have them in the first place? The plan has created instant windfalls for some of the country's largest air carriers. For example, at Chicago's O'Hare, the two largest airlines, United and American, control almost 1,000 slots between them—two-thirds of the total at the nation's most crowded airport.

But the windfall is only half the problem. These slots will give the established carriers a huge head start in their competition against new and growing airlines. Price will not be the only consideration for an airline in deciding whether to give up one of its slots. Is a United likely to sell a slot to a People Express that is eager to start competing with United on a new route? "It is foolish to look at an investment in landing rights as if it were like buying stock," said George James, president of Airline Economics, Inc. "These companies are competing in markets, and if they sell there is no guarantee they can buy in again."

The DOT plan has come in for some heavy criticism on Capitol Hill, both from Democrats nostalgic for the days of regulation and from the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings crowd, who know a giveaway when they see one. In the Senate, Nancy Landon Kassebaum has introduced legislation that would repeal the rule. Representative Norman Y. Mineta has said he will do the same in the House.

UNDER DAVID STOCKMAN, the Office of Management and Budget had a better way to get those slots onto the free market: an auction. The purpose of deregulation was to make the airline industry more competitive, so why not give everyone a chance to purchase those property rights that have been doled out for nothing? An auction of all the landing rights would have opened the competition to anyone brave or foolish enough to fight the air wars. A small number of slots could have been reserved, as they are now, for commuter airlines and for flights to cities with federally guaranteed air service.

"We always wanted an auction, that was the best prescription for regulatory reform," said a former top OMB official. "It's fair and it's simple. But the airlines certainly had no interest in paying for something they got for free in the past. The political opposition was overwhelming."

Now, you can't blame American Airlines for wanting to hold onto millions of dollars' worth of landing rights it got for nothing, and there is a sliver of merit to the argument that it would be unfair to ignore all the money big airlines have sunk into most airports. But only a sliver. The amounts are trivial compared to the value of the slots. Anyway, if sunk costs make the slots more valuable to the established airlines than to potential upstarts, the established airlines would be free to bid more for them. Alternatively, they would be free to sell the ticket counters and other equipment as well. The established airlines retain a huge marketing edge, so we needn't shed too many tears if changing the slot rules causes some inequity the other way.

Apparently, the administration's economic principles fluctuate with the elements. When the trucking industry was regulated, the federal government required would-be entrants to buy operating certificates from competitors if they wanted to get into the business. One of the seminal

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goals of trucking deregulation—which this Transportation Department strongly supports—was to repeal this unfair system that stacks the chips so heavily in favor of the haves.

The Federal Aviation Administration has said that by 1990 air traffic control problems will have become so severe that they will have to put controls—slot systems—into effect at 32 key airports. By the end of the century, that figure will probably double. What then? Turn all the slots at those 64 airports over to the carriers who now have them? It would be nice to assume we could just build some new airports, but that's unlikely to happen. Airport construction costs billions of dollars, and it involves litigation wherever it happens. Even in Japan, where people still basically respect the government, the construction and further development of Narita International Airport outside Tokyo caused violent protest and unparalleled political animosity for more than a decade. At the moment, Denver is the only major American city seriously entertaining the idea of building a new airport.

Of course, with a bit of investment and some cooperation from the airline industry, most airports in this country could easily handle more traffic: new computers and added runways are vital. Naturally, as space opened up so would competition.

Think again. You are United Airlines and you command hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of a precious commodity at O'Hare. Expanding the capacity of that airport—or any other that you serve—will have two immediate results. The value of prized slots would plummet, and a closed market would open to competitors. Nobody's skies are that friendly.

MICHAEL SPECTER

Michael Specter is a reporter for the *Washington Post*.

My quest for judicial fame.

HEARD V. U.S.

A SHOW of hands, please, from everyone who went to high school in the 1960s or 1970s. How many daydreamed that one of your regular clashes with "the administration" would mushroom into a historic Supreme Court case? You longed for an illegal search, perhaps, or better yet, some ham-handed gagging of your free speech? Not only would you get a free trip to D.C., but your exploits would appear in law texts forever. Overnight fame and immortality, just like those lucky kids in *Tinker v. Des Moines*. That would show old Chalk Ass who gave you a C in American government, wouldn't it?

Today's students have similar glandular-litigious urges. Yes, the little crumbs are more likely to go to the mat defending their right to come to school two hours early for a prayer meeting, but the same motive—annoying the administration—is still at work. As always, freedom-of-speech cases are the most desirable. Free-speech tests are unique: they let you dive-bomb the school district *and* remain the kind of lad the Rotary Club might give a hefty scholarship to. Cases involving gross obscenity, weapons, drugs, communism, or assaults on the flag carry too many negatives. How much fun is it to have your own Court case if, like the drug-search victim in *New Jersey v. T.L.O.*, you're ashamed to use your name? If you ever expect to need another summer job, these cases are best left alone.

This subject is on my mind again because the Supreme Court recently heard a case involving a school's decision to suspend a high school senior who made a lewd reference in a speech. Matthew Fraser was nominating a friend for student-body president of Bethel High School in Scanaway, Washington, when he said, "I know a man who is firm—he's firm in his pants, he's firm in his shirt, his character is firm—but most of all, his belief in you, the students of Bethel, is firm. Jeff is a man who will go to the very end—even the climax—for each and every one of you."

WHEN I FIRST read about this case, I was shocked, disgusted, and numbed. Not by Fraser's dumb speech or the suspension. Personally, I think a smarter principal would have just told the football team that Fraser had "weakened school spirit" and let natural law take its course, but I'm no legal scholar. I'm confident, however, that I speak for hundreds of thousands of former high school discipline problems when I scream, "He got a Supreme Court case out of *that* lame gimmick?" Prior commitments on March 3 kept me from being at the Court steps to yell insults at Fraser after oral argument, but I'm told he was cocky as hell, bragging, winking at photographers, joking with reporters. "Well, I'm not a lawyer *yet*, but in my opinion . . ."

Fraser, who is now a pre-law student at Berkeley, says he "dashed off" the speech at the last minute and didn't expect school officials to get upset about it. Suuuuuure, kid. As the *Washington Post* reported, Fraser "had been battling school administrators since his junior high days, when he published an underground newspaper." That tells all. Fraser had it planned right down to his avoidance of blatantly obscene language. In time this will enable the community to view the episode as just a harmless, creative stunt.

The Court should be more careful about which cases it picks. There are, after all, principles at stake here that dwarf its interest in outlining school boards' powers over students, not the least of which is the fact that this punk Fraser, who got coast-to-coast media coverage, is now *flypaper* as far as babes are concerned. Am I angry? Yes. Jealous? Yes, yes! As you've probably guessed, like Fraser, I took more than a passive interest in getting myself sent to the highest principal's office in the land. I worked at it

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steadily for four years, and in 1974, while running for student-body president, I performed an act that makes Fraser's little dirty joke seem about as offensive as an uncovered sneeze. During my campaign speech before an all-school assembly, I dropped trou in front of 1,200 students, teachers, and administrators. Outrageously, my school's overly tolerant principal laughed it off. There was no punishment, much less a trip to the nearest ACLU franchise. Fickle Justice! I didn't even get swats.

Certain educator types will probably find my high school "goal" perverse. In response I'll only say this: It's your fault for force-feeding me all that "can do" propaganda during my formative years. Remember those chirpy books about "famous Americans when they were young," sports glory, polite, well-groomed junior scientists, and teenage entrepreneurs? "Cute teener *Alice Dale* startled the medical profession when she kept a pig's kidney alive with a mechanical heart built from parts of household machinery! Alice received a cash award and a trip to Washington, where she was entertained by the nation's top men of science. She's 13!" I bought it all.

THE CUMULATIVE effect of such material on mediocre students is obvious. It sends us on spiritually draining forays into subjects we *may* be a genius in, but aren't: chemistry, electronics, art, drama, music, photography, creative crafts, woodsmanship, dog training, decoy carving, juggling, whatever. By ninth grade my list was down to taxidermy and making funny noises squishing my palms together. That's when I heard about the Constitution of the United States.

Admittedly, I had vague ideas back then about the form and function of the federal judiciary. I thought of the Supreme Court as something like a group of Super Bad guidance counselors who were always there to give an opinion on teen problems. I used to send the Court letters posing "constitutional questions" that bugged me: "Should wrestling coaches really be teaching psychology?" The intercession of a kindly librarian who explained what the Court actually does inspired a series of scattershot attempts to goad the administration into denying me my fundamental liberties. The climax was my "all-out" fall 1974 run for the presidency. I tried several questionable practices, including campaign signs that clearly offered "beers for votes" and libelous anti-opponent pamphleteering. Nothing. Teachers "thought it was funny"; the principal "loved it." All of which forced me to try the desperate pants-dropping tack.

Today, looking back on this episode with the benefit of my deeper understanding of constitutional law, it's clear where I went wrong. Boxer shorts. If bikini briefs had hit Western Kansas by then, I'd be telling my story to the Court today.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard is a Washington writer.

Convention center fever.

BATTLE OF THE BARNS

NEW YORK CITY cops were putting in a lot of overtime for a few weeks, busting hookers along 11th Avenue. Their goal was to clean up the neighborhood in time for the April 3 ribbon-cutting at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, when the nation's furriers were scheduled to arrive with their 20-foot inflatable beaver. Having spent $478 million on four blocks of tinted glass, New York officials wanted to protect their investment.

Now that it's open, the political infighting, corruption, construction foul-ups, labor disputes, delays, and cost overruns that plagued the convention center project for the past 14 years are receding. New Yorkers now boast about having a convention center comparable in size to structures in Chicago and Las Vegas. According to the *New York Times*, the Javits Center—with 610,000 square feet of usable floor space—is three times as large as its predecessor, the Coliseum, which opened in 1956. The Coliseum was triple the size of the 1913 Grand Central Palace, which it replaced. If convention space continues to increase at the same exponential rate, all of Manhattan will be an enclosed exhibition hall by 2035.

Where will the convention boom stop? More than 40 cities around the country are rushing to build new convention centers, or to expand ones they've already got. To assure its status as city with the largest facility, Chicago is spending $326 million for an annex to McCormick Place, which will leave it with 1.6 million square feet. New York is already considering an addition to the Javits Center.

Few see any sign of the boom abating, or any reason that it should. Bill Mee of the Trade Show Bureau says that the need for floor space increases by about nine percent per year. The number of conventions and trade shows has doubled in five years. And the average large meeting now uses 50 percent more space than it did ten years ago. Mee cites these statistics to prove a corollary of Parkinson's law: conventions expand to fill the halls built for them.

Mee explains that the reasons for this expansion are "regionalization and verticalization." More plainly put, "regionalization" means that enormous trade fairs, such as the Consumer Electronics Show, are now held several times a year in different parts of the country, instead of once at a central location. That's why the convention business continued to expand "even when it was impacted by inflation in the 1970s," as Mee puts it.

"Verticalization," in convention lingo, means that the traditional kinds of conventions (such as Alcoholics Anonymous's upcoming meeting in Las Vegas) are becoming more specialized. The American Medical Association used to have one big ("horizontal") annual meeting. It has been supplemented by 42 separate conventions, such as the annual meeting of the Radiological Society of North America, which is bigger than the old AMA show by itself. Doctors are doubly anxious to attend such events, since

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they fulfill "continuing education" requirements regardless of whether they actually go to the meetings.

Richard Kinney of the yet-to-be-opened Nashville convention center says that the most vigorous competition among bureaus is for meta-meetings, such as the biannual conference of the American Society of Association Executives. Orlando's newly opened convention center had the good fortune to host the ASAE's last conference—a meeting of 4,000 people whose job is selecting sites for meetings eight years hence. That's why Orlando spent $400,000 hosting the meeting. It's also the reason the new Wyndham Hotel spent a quarter of a million dollars on a three-hour cocktail party for ASAE delegates.

Proponents of these leviathans argue that conventioneers pour money into a city's coffers. According to the International Association of Convention and Visitors Bureaus, delegates bolster local economies to the tune of $20 billion a year. Officials estimate that the Javits Center will bring a billion new dollars to New York next year, dollars that presumably would go to Chicago and Las Vegas if New York didn't have a huge new convention facility. All of that money creates jobs and promotes economic vitality.

Judging by the statistics, most of the jobs will go to maids and bellhops. Half of New York's billion a year will go directly to hotels. There, as elsewhere, the promise of meeting-weary conventioneers looking for expense-account-billable and tax-deductible accommodations has created a secondary boom in hotel construction. Convention centers act, in effect, as a government subsidy for overproduction of hotel rooms. When hoteliers can't fill their bunks, they court their magnanimous mayors and accommodating aldermen. Orlando's mammoth convention center was built for the purpose of populating hotels during the slow season at Disneyworld.

If convention centers primarily benefit hotel owners, why are cities so eager to build them? Many of them actually lose money. The Washington Convention Center, for example—fully booked and highly successful, according to its managers—loses six million dollars a year, and costs the District of Columbia another $6.3 million in debt service. The primary rationale for this enormous revenue drain is the city's dubious assertion that the center has provided 5,000 new jobs and boosted sales-tax revenue by causing visitors to spend an additional $26 million a year.

But a city doesn't base its decision to build a convention center on financial logic alone. It also wants to erect something because all the other cities on the block have one—it's penis envy on a municipal scale. Gerald Roper, executive vice president of Chicago's Convention and Visitors Bureau, boasts that even without its planned addition, his building is bigger than the Javits Center, and says that he doesn't "lose any sleep over New York." But one of the main arguments for enlarging McCormick Place was that New York would catch up and lure away Chicago's business.

The deterrent effect is real. New Yorkers are sleeping in Chicago's hotels and buying gifts at Marshall Field's. If New York doesn't fill its beds with Chicagoans and get them to buy at Bloomingdale's, it will stand as a net debtor to the Second City. But from a national standpoint, this cold war is mindless escalation underwritten by taxpayers. We pay by allowing two kinds of tax breaks: tax-exempt financing for convention center construction, and full deductibility for "business trips" to the events themselves. Of course, you don't have to look at too many convention bureau brochures or copies of the slick trade journals like *Meetings and Conventions* to dispel the notion that people attend conferences to work. The pictures are of golfing, eating, and lying on the beach. They may say convention. What they mean, very often, is vacation.

JACOB WEISBERG

How hype whipped the First Amendment.

STOCKMANIA

ONLY FIVE years ago, the thought that a major New York publisher would pay two million dollars for a former Office of Management and Budget director's memories of life crunching numbers would have been as laughable as the notion of Nancy Reagan buying clothes off the rack at J.C. Penney. Funnier still would have been the suggestion that major news organizations would sign away a chunk of their First Amendment rights to get their hands on a copy. No one is laughing now.

David Stockman has already pocketed $2.4 million of Harper & Row's money for his memoirs, *The Triumph of Politics: Why the Reagan Revolution Failed*. Harper & Row has wrested promises from the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and this magazine, among others, to forgo articles on the book until after the official publication date. In return their reviewers receive advance copies. Attorney Floyd Abrams, who specializes in First Amendment cases, says, "It sounds like a high price to pay for a peek at the galleys."

What is curious is that so many newspapers—which go to great lengths to avoid being scooped—have formally agreed to let Harper & Row scoop them. It's even more curious that papers that spend thousands of dollars going to court to fight the idea of "prior restraint" when the government invokes lofty requirements of "national security" have so casually agreed to prior restraint for the sake of protecting Harper & Row's profits.

Not everyone agreed to the deal. Those who signed got the book in time to come out with a review in their Sunday book sections on April 27, four days after publication, instead of a week later. (Book review sections have about a ten-day lead time.) The *New York Times* said no, with a give-it-to-me, give-it-to-my-paper response from book review editor Mitchel Levitas. "I don't want to be in a position of withholding from the news department information that has news value." Still, the refusal got Harper & Row some-

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thing better than an ordinary book review, which they will get eventually anyway. On Wednesday the *Times* ran an article on its well-read "Washington Talk" page, complete with a picture of Stockman, about the offer and the refusal.

There is a reason for Harper & Row's concern about pre-publication secrecy. *Newsweek* is reportedly paying $250,000 for first serial rights (excerpts will be on the newsstand April 14 and 21), but only if a news article does not appear first. Harper & Row was burned in 1979 when the *Nation* wrote an article on the few juicy tidbits about the Nixon pardon contained in former president Gerald Ford's book *A Time to Heal.* When *Time* magazine backed out of its excerpt deal, Harper & Row sued the *Nation* and won damages in the low five-figures to be paid off in free advertisements. The court ruled that the *Nation* had gone beyond fair use in quoting the Ford book as much as it did, but added that a publisher can't copyright news value. Victor Navasky, the editor of the *Nation*, laments: "If only I'd been cleverer. The *Nation* wasn't interested in purloining Ford's style. If only we had paraphrased more, quoted less, I wouldn't be running Harper & Row ads today."

The narrow ruling in the *Nation* case gives small comfort to a publisher with a hot book. Daniel Harvey, publicity director of Harper & Row, says there are fewer than ten copies in existence, fewer than five away from Harper & Row headquarters in New York, and those are numbered in indelible ink. Extra security was placed around the plant in Scranton, where the book is being printed, once word of its location leaked out.

Harvey says the confidentiality agreement was drafted by a team of lawyers. But the agreement seems to mean whatever the person reading it wants it to mean. Should a news story appear in one of the papers with an advance copy, a huge lawsuit is sure to result. Harper & Row's battalion of lawyers will be awash in fees for years, as will lawyers for the offending paper. Harvey intends to use the threat of legal action to discourage all pre-publication news stories.

THE AGREEMENT has created some odd situations. The *Los Angeles Times* has pledged to respect Harper & Row's conditions and pledged to ignore them. Jack Nelson, the *Times*'s bureau chief in Washington, has been assiduously pursuing the book while unbeknownst to him, a few feet from his desk, *Times* reporter Joel Haverman had a copy salted away. It seems the book review editor, Jack Miles, signed the agreement without notifying his superiors, and gave the book to Haverman to review. When Nelson first was asked about his paper's agreement, he was stunned: "I can't imagine my newspaper agreeing to such a thing. I'm sure we don't have the book." Miles says that "anybody who wants to write about what's in the book before the publication date is a thief in spirit, if not in fact. Drama critics don't go to rehearsals, movie reviewers don't see rushes. It's only in book publishing that the media believe that if they beg, borrow, or literally steal galleys, they have the right to go public, despite the publisher's wish, using the shield of 'the public's right to know.' " Nelson is adamant about the agreement: "I'm not bound by it."

The *Washington Post*'s position is the oddest of all. According to Harvey, Brigitte Weeks, the editor of the *Post*'s "Book World," agreed to the statement, and the *Post* got its review copy. But Richard Harwood, the assistant managing editor at the *Post* who oversees news as well as "Book World," didn't like the sound of the agreement. "We can't assure anyone a reporter won't come across material from the book," he says. He insists that as of April 2, the *Post* had informed Harper & Row that the agreement was no longer in effect. As of April 3, however, Dan Harvey had no hint that there was any disagreement over the agreement. Weeks declines to comment. Meanwhile, the *Post* reviewer who signed the agreement is busy reviewing the book.

None of this ever happened when books were books and news stuck with its own kind in newspapers. Those were the days before New York publishers waved fat wads of cash in front of former government officials such as Geraldine Ferraro, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Tip O'Neill for revealing facts about their former jobs that would have been indelicate to mention when they held them. The problem is that the Washington Book often fails to live up to the high hopes publishers hold for it. Trees fall, publication parties are held, and reviews in important journals are written. After a few weeks, the memoirs land on the remainder table, the former Washington official becomes an investment banker if he's lucky, a lobbyist if he's not, and the editor responsible for the turkey tries to recoup his loss with a diet book. No wonder Harper & Row is nervous.

The real reason for the cloak-and-dagger tactics is to create hype. As a pre-publication publicity technique, the Harper & Row agreement has already proved much more effective—and cheaper—than the usual press kits, express-mailed bound galleys, and follow-up lunches at the Four Seasons. Jack Nelson believes "the book could turn out to be a bomb. What can he say that he hasn't already said?" But he admits the excitement gives him no choice but to run with the pack. "I have to play; we all have to play. We can't afford to be caught on the outside."

The one thing the Harper & Row agreement overlooked is Stockman, who has few equals when it comes to flapping his jaw. If interest flags, or if the rumor that the book is not as interesting as it's been cracked up to be gains momentum, Stockman can be counted on to dangle enough morsels before his reporter friends to get them interested again. Talking to reporters is dangerous for Stockman, who has been known to go too far once he gets started, as he did in his famous 1981 interview in the *Atlantic*.

In retrospect, it seems it was that article that addicted Stockman to the practice of doing one thing while privately believing in something else. Reagan tolerated it and Congress took perverse pleasure in it. The press bought it, and God knows, Harper & Row bought it. All that remains is for the public to buy it—325,000 copies' worth.

MARGARET B. CARLSON

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Justice and the contras.

BLEEDING NICARAGUA

WHAT IS THE policy of the Reagan administration in Nicaragua? That is an odd question to ask at this late date, when so many people (myself among them) have already declared themselves opposed to that policy. And yet it isn't at all easy to figure out. The measures that administration spokesmen urge upon Congress don't come close to matching the threat they describe. Nor is it clear what is supposed to happen after those measures have been enacted by Congress, signed by the president, put into effect in Central America, and their usefulness, whatever that is, exhausted. What comes next? Perhaps the president has adopted the revolutionary maxim *on s'engage et puis, on voit*; perhaps he has a secret plan that can't yet be revealed.

I have a hunch about the Reagan administration that seems to explain most of its actions to date. The administration's aim, I think, is to sponsor a small war in northern Nicaragua and southern Honduras for as long as it can find anyone willing to fight. A small war, since $100 million won't buy anything more and is probably only a down payment on that. The point of the war is to put off for as long as possible the moment when President Reagan must choose between acknowledging that Nicaragua is "lost" and sending in the Marines. I don't think that he wants to send in the Marines. Some people in Washington may be practicing their trumpet calls, but Reagan and his chief advisers seem to me entirely honest when they say that the point of aiding the *contras* is to avoid more direct American involvement. In all probability, the *contras* can't win, but all that matters is that they not lose. So long as the war continues, the president can say that he is standing tall, fighting communism, defending the Hemisphere (and cheaply too). If some future Democratic president gives up on the *contras*, he is the one who will have "lost" Nicaragua.

This view helps to explain the otherwise odd indifference of administration officials to the political character of their military cohorts. I don't think that all of them find Colonel Enrique Bermudez congenial. Nor are they misled or ill-informed about the actual power of Arturo Cruz and his friends vis-à-vis the colonel and his friends. They just don't see the *contras* as the future rulers of Nicaragua. This is not the next government; the *contras* won't replace the Sandinistas, so why worry about their politics? What matters is staying power and grim endurance, which Bermudez, and no one else, has demonstrated. Everyone else has come and gone; he has stuck fast.

All this may seem a bit too cynical for so ideologically committed an administration. Perhaps I have underestimated the extent to which its members, or some of them, have adopted the communist doctrine of protracted struggle. Perhaps they are committed to some world-historical theory: history is on the side of the *contras*! But I am inclined to think that for most of them the protraction of the war is a political convenience. What ideology rules out is direct negotiations with the Sandinistas, for that would concede the (relative) permanence of their regime. The *contras* make it possible to avoid the concession.

Assuming for the moment that this is an accurate picture, what should we think of such a policy? That is an easier question, for there isn't any account of war and morality (or even of war and prudence) that will justify what the administration proposes. It is just too bloody-minded. Too many people will die, and from the point of view of the likely victims, there is painfully little to be gained. If there is to be a protracted struggle in Nicaragua, it would be nice to find some evidence of popular support for the insurgents. There is in fact very little evidence. The *contras* have been able to recruit some thousands of soldiers among relatively small groups of Indians and northern peasants, but after five years of hard fighting they do not seem to have become the focus of discontent among any substantial segment of the Nicaraguan people. They don't appear to have urban cadres or a rural infrastructure anywhere in the country. They have not made themselves the symbols of heroic resistance. The visible opposition in Managua is not (despite Sandinista claims) a *contra* front. The *contras* have not even been able to attract the sons of the middle-class exiles—not, at least, to the actual business of fighting. Anticommunist zeal, even democratic zeal, may run high in Washington and Miami, but not along the Honduran border. The struggle feeds on other passions, not strong enough to carry it to victory.

I would feel differently about a genuinely popular struggle, but given the struggle that exists, our encouragement of an indefinite war, whatever its functional value in American politics, is an act of willful cruelty toward the Nicaraguans. War is mostly a waste anyway. Without some hope of a military and political victory, waste is all it is. And we have no right to waste Nicaraguan lives.

THIS ARGUMENT is in no sense an apology for the Sandinistas. I am not claiming that a popular insurgency is impossible in Nicaragua, only that it hasn't yet begun. Nor am I claiming that there is anything admirable about the Sandinista party/regime. It looks from here as if the hard left is winning out among the Sandinistas—and probably would be winning out even if there were no *contras* and no "Reagan Doctrine," whatever that is. The state of emergency and the military buildup make the task of the hard-liners easier, but it is always possible to counterfeit emergencies when the real thing doesn't exist. Totalitarian movements feed on imagined as much as on real crises, past as well as present enemies. Were we to forswear every intent to intervene, the present Sandinista leadership would campaign against our previous interventions. It is best to have no illusions about this: the *comandantes* count on American enmity to consolidate their power, and will have that enmity whether we provide it or not. But that's not a reason for providing it in military form. The past is

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not so glorious, our record of interventions is not so wonderful, that we need to repeat it.

The hard left is winning out, but winning out is not the same thing as having won. The Sandinistas have not yet taken on the Catholic Church in the full-scale confrontation that would be necessary for a totalitarian victory. Nor have they set out systematically to destroy the urban and rural middle classes. And they may well do neither of these things, if only for tactical reasons. A war with the Church would undercut their legitimacy, and the destruction of the middle classes would ruin the economy—they probably can't count on a Russian bailout. So some internal opposition will persist, in the shadow of a repressive regime. Even if one were to accept the long dark night theory of totalitarianism (I don't; see "Totalitarianism vs. Authoritarianism," TNR, July 4&11, 1981), that is not Nicaragua's prospect. Something more like the dimness of Third World authoritarianism is more likely: political mobilization, intermittent brutality, economic stagnation, and over the long run, the social decay that follows upon every betrayal of revolutionary idealism.

WHAT, THEN, should our policy be? That is the hardest question, for there is no step or set of steps that will bring us, within some measurable time, to a more pleasant place than the *contra* camps in Honduras or the committee rooms of the *comandantes*. For too many years, in too many countries, we underwrote regimes like Somoza's, and the predictable consequence is a revolutionary politics like that of the Sandinistas. Cory Aquino's victory in the Philippines was a piece of extraordinary luck, but she is running only just ahead of an Asian version of the Sandinista Front. To open up hope for something else in Nicaragua requires patience now, and the long view.

The Contadora negotiating process, endorsed by congressional Democrats, represents only the barest beginning. Its conclusion would guarantee against a Soviet military base in Nicaragua—not a likely prospect in any case—and also against continued material support for the insurgents in El Salvador (and then it follows as the night the day that there must be no material support for the insurgents in Nicaragua: reciprocity is what any negotiation is about). This achieved, however, the Sandinistas will remain our enemies; and we should remain their enemies. Insofar as we can make things hard for them, politically or economically, we should do that. If they can't expect a Russian bailout, they certainly can't expect an American bailout. The hardships of repression and censorship, and of scarcity and rationing, are not like the hardships of war: the Nicaraguans have brought the former, but not the latter, on themselves. They will have to find their own escape.

Our focus, as the president of Costa Rica recently argued, should be on the other Central American states. We have an interest now in seeing to it that they do better than Nicaragua—and that they do better with our help. That last point is not as obvious as it sounds. Many of these countries might well have done better in the past without our help. The oligarchs and the colonels have been our friends, but that doesn't make us a friendly power. We have supported, often helped to create, the sorts of regimes that breed their own Sandinos. Now we have to do something else, and it is not at all clear that we can find something else to do, a policy, that is, that benefits neither the oligarchs we know nor the *comandantes* we fear.

Such a policy would have two aspects: a form of economic aid that reaches ordinary people, and a form of political pressure that aims at pluralism and openness. It may be too much to press immediately for our own version of democracy, but we have to press for something well this side of the routinized indifference and the fits of murderousness that have marked the politics of most of our Central American "friends."

An alternative model, with decency here and now and at least a tendency toward democratic government: that should be our goal. In countries where masses of people live in misery and destitution, elections don't make a democracy, but we should insist nonetheless on elections whenever we can. They are wonderfully educative, and they sometimes have unexpected results. We also have to help end the misery and destitution, with favorable trade terms, technical assistance, and genuinely humanitarian aid. We should train Central American engineers and farmers with the zeal currently reserved for the training of soldiers. And we should send our own people. The old Peace Corps model was a good one—technicians, agricultural experts, schoolteachers, doctors, and nurses. CIA operatives and military advisers may be necessary too sometimes, but they should never be our only representatives in countries where we have some hope of encouraging a democratic politics.

AND IN Nicaragua? Perhaps there should be Americans there too, though I am inclined to think it better if they are sponsored by private groups like the Catholic Church than by the American government. If things open up in Nicaragua, we should be prepared to resume trade and economic assistance. But the built-in tendencies of Nicaraguan politics right now move the country toward greater and greater closure. In the face of these tendencies, I can only recommend a policy of hostile neglect. Someday there will be a Nicaraguan Solidarity movement or a revolutionary rather than a counterrevolutionary resistance, and then it will be time enough for us to involve ourselves again—with public support and (if such a thing is possible) covert aid. How effective we are then is likely to depend upon how effective we are now in countries like El Salvador and Honduras. The greatest benefit we can confer upon the Nicaraguan people is to foster democracy and economic development among their neighbors. That will take a lot more than $100 million. It will also require political intelligence and a long-term commitment. Given these two, it may even be possible that history is on our side.

MICHAEL WALZER

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The Democrats' top hawk.

FLYING NUNN

BY FRED BARNES

HERE'S A STORY you won't hear about many Washington politicians. In early 1982 the Democratic Party decided to have its best and brightest in Congress respond to President Reagan's State of the Union address. They would appear on prime-time national television just after Reagan's talk. To speak on defense, there was only one choice: Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, a respected figure in military affairs, though a good bit more hawkish than most congressional Democrats.

Greg Schneiders, then working for Senate Democratic leader Robert Byrd, called Nunn. Senators were falling all over themselves to get a spot on the Democratic response, but Nunn was leery. The plan was to give him 90 seconds on the air. "I can't say anything in a minute and a half that makes sense about defense," he complained. Schneiders told him a summary statement was all that was needed. "Well, let me try," Nunn said. A few days later, he got back to Schneiders. "I've been working hard on this," he said, "and I don't see how I can do it responsibly in 90 seconds. Why don't you let someone else do it?" And so another senator got the national TV exposure.

Sam Nunn, 47 years old, achieved his prominence in the Senate in the most prosaic fashion. He worked for it, painstakingly and unobtrusively gaining detailed knowledge on defense and a few other issues. Others have followed the glitter path: TV appearances, ghostwritten books, a blizzard of press releases, speech after speech on the rubber-chicken circuit. That can bring fame. But it doesn't bring influence. Nunn and Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware were both elected to the Senate in 1972. Both are now well-known nationally. But Nunn, the workhorse, has considerable influence in the Senate. Biden, the show horse, doesn't.

Nunn, in fact, is the most influential Democrat in the Senate, maybe in Congress. He is neither a striking presence (hair brushed over a bald spot) nor a powerful orator (flat speaking style). But he is smart and breathtakingly knowledgeable. Without his backing, the Reagan administration has little chance of getting its way in military and foreign matters. If he had opposed the 1981 sale of Awacs planes to Saudi Arabia, the deal surely would have died. If Nunn had wished, he could have restricted the number of MX missiles to fewer than 40. Now he is in a position to keep the MX total capped at 50, unless the administration satisfies his request for a new basing mode. Nunn often demands a price for his support. Before he agreed to vote for military aid to the *contras* in March, he forced Reagan to promise a new effort to bring the anti-Sandinista rebels under firm control of democratic, civilian leadership. Should the Reagan crowd decide it wants to build more than 100 B-1 bombers, it is probably going to have to persuade Nunn first. If it hopes to take Star Wars beyond the research-and-development phase, it's going to need Nunn's assent. And he's far from convinced that Reagan's dream of a missile-thwarting shield makes sense.

But influence in Washington is one thing, and influence in the Democratic Party another. For more than a decade, Nunn ignored the party altogether, as if it were an embarrassing relative. Two years ago, as the party neared a disastrous presidential defeat, Nunn changed his tactic. Now he is working to pull the Democratic Party to the right, making it less liberal, and thus more acceptable in the South. The goal is a party more or less hawkish on defense and foreign issues, pro-business in economic affairs, and tolerant of diversity, especially of conservative views, on social issues. In other words, a party along the ideological lines of Nunn himself.

"I used to consider myself to the right of center, and I still do," Nunn says. "But the spectrum has shifted since I've been in the Senate, and I suspect I'm somewhat in the middle now. There are a good number of people in that category, anywhere from slightly left of center to slightly right of center. Many of us have concluded that the national Democratic Party has to have leadership, in terms of substance and perception, that clearly is identified in the middle, if it's got a chance of becoming a party that can compete for the presidency. I don't have any personal ambition beyond being in the Senate. I do want to be part of a party that has a chance to compete in the future for the White House and certainly for control of the Senate. We might be able to control the Senate without much [ideological] movement. But we'd be greatly strengthened if we had a much more coherent—scratch the word coherent—a much more appealing agenda." Translation: unless the party jettisons its liberalism and isolationism, it won't attract votes in the South, the pivotal region, and can forget about winning back the White House.

Plots to revive the Democratic Party are as common as UFO sightings and usually no more connected to reality. But Nunn also founded the Democratic Leadership Council, which is trying to yank the party rightward. Former Virginia governor Charles Robb, Representative Richard Gephardt, and Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt

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usually get the credit (or blame, from liberals). But it was Nunn whose telephone call brought the group together. Nunn, Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida, and a dozen other moderate or conservative Democrats in the Senate already had begun conferring anxiously about the drift of the party.

"Most of us had been running away from the Democratic Party for years," says Chiles. "But we were beginning to see you couldn't enjoy the luxury of that anymore. Maybe some of us would survive, but there wasn't going to be a Democratic Party behind us in our state." Nunn had heard that Robb was eager to draw together moderate and conservative forces in the party. Nunn scarcely knew Robb, but in early fall 1984 he called with an invitation to confer, in private, with his Senate group. The result was the formation of the DLC early last year, over the strong objections of Democratic national chairman Paul Kirk.

Nunn's involvement was surprising, given his past indifference to party affairs both nationally and in Georgia. He is also notoriously cautious. In 1984 he balked at endorsing his friend and Senate ally John Glenn for the Democratic presidential nomination, and in the end offered public praise but no endorsement.

In Georgia Nunn's alliances have frequently shifted. As a young state representative, he supported Jimmy Carter for governor, once objecting that Carter was running too conservative a campaign. But in 1972 he challenged David Gambrell, the man Carter had appointed to a vacant Senate seat. Nunn had hoped to run for the House, but reapportionment had gone awry and an appropriate district hadn't been created. In the Senate primary he stayed to the right of Gambrell, campaigning as the antibusing candidate and linking Gambrell to Democratic liberals like George McGovern. Nunn had the backing of segregationist Lieutenant Governor Lester Maddox. He also was endorsed by Julian Bond, the black state legislator. Once Carter was president, Nunn was perfectly willing to cross him. In 1979 Nunn became a major thorn in Carter's side by refusing to back SALT II.

Even in his new role as a party activist, Nunn is insufficiently partisan for some Democrats. Last year, while Georgia Democrats were scouring the state for candidates to run against Republican senator Mack Mattingly, Nunn told Greg McDonald of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* that he wouldn't actively campaign against Mattingly and complimented his GOP colleague. Nunn later claimed that his remarks had been misinterpreted. At a press conference he vowed to support the Democratic nominee, and he spoke favorably of all four primary candidates, including liberal representative Wyche Fowler.

NUNN'S ALOOFNESS from party politics and his reputation as a respected expert on defense made his participation in the DLC all the more significant. "Nunn is the central figure," says Al From, the executive director of the DLC. "The two things we have to show are that this party can make the economy strong and the country strong. Nunn is Mr. Strength." Robb, the DLC chairman, says, "It's because we got the Sam Nunns of the world that people are excited." In Dallas, businessman Jess Hay sponsored a successful DLC fund-raiser in March simply because Nunn was willing to attend.

Despite his reputation as being tepidly partisan, Nunn has proved to be the DLC's chief Reagan-basher. Before the group's initial foray to Florida a year ago, DLC leaders were queasy about criticizing Reagan, figuring it might backfire with the moderate and conservative Democrats they aimed to attract. Nunn was undeterred. He sharply attacked Reagan for muddled defense policies. He is also the most outspoken about the council's goal. "We're trying to make the national party competitive again, so it will be a help rather than a hindrance," he said in Raleigh, North Carolina, last October. "We're trying to make it safe for state and local officials to identify themselves with the national party and survive," he declared in Greensboro, North Carolina.

THERE IS a Nunn model for other Democrats to emulate, but it's not quite what you think. Nunn is prodefense, and he's for spending cuts and economic growth. And on some important but secondary issues, Nunn offers bold leadership—raising the standards of the all-volunteer Army, reorganizing the Pentagon, signaling European allies that they've got to carry more of their weight in NATO. But on major defense and foreign policy issues, his strategy is often not to stake out a solid position, but to stay flexible in hopes of shaping a compromise. This leaves Nunn in the position of supporting mushy compromises that he's not wild about. He winds up as both a supporter and critic of Reagan on the same issue. Conservatives say his backing is too weak, and liberals grouse that he's sided with Reagan again.

Take the MX. Nunn has been a part of every compromise that has kept the missile alive for the last ten years. He believes the United States needs an invulnerable, land-based, intercontinental missile, which the MX is supposed to be. So he agreed last year to raise the number of MXs to 40. "Had Sam opposed any more MXs, it would have been hard for any Democrats to have supported it," says Republican senator William Cohen of Maine. "As it was, it passed by one vote." After going along with 40, Nunn gave in to unrelenting White House pleas, delivered by his friend Bud McFarlane, then Reagan's national security adviser, and raised the number to 50.

Despite this, Nunn is harshly critical of the way the Reagan administration plans to deploy the MXs—in hardened Minuteman silos, not spread around the barren reaches of a Western state, as the Carter administration planned. "We're ending up without the kind of land-based, hard target, kill capability that the military has described for some time as being absolutely essential. . . . The strange thing is one of the primary cases the Reagan administration made against the Carter basing mode was that it depended on an arms-control agreement. The Soviets could saturate it [without one]. That's true. But that's the

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position we're in with every proposal they've got. For every one of [the proposals], if you don't have some arms-control agreement, there's a theoretical saturation capability." Yet Nunn voted for 50 MXs.

Or take aid to the *contras*. In a speech in April 1985 to the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, Nunn advocated "a policy that continues pressure on the Sandinistas while moving American promotion of military action in that region to the back burner." In June he voted for humanitarian aid to the *contras*, saying it "should facilitate negotiations both within the Contadora framework and between the United States and the Sandinistas." Nunn was critical of the administration for imposing economic sanctions against Nicaragua awkwardly. This April Nunn went after the *contras*. "It is unclear who is in control of the *contra* organization," Nunn said. "Is it the civilian leadership or is it the former National Guard officers who make up most of the senior military leadership?" He also cited reports of human rights abuses by the *contras*, saying they "raise many disturbing questions which must be answered."

What, then, was Nunn to do about the administration's request for military aid to the *contras*? He arranged an exchange of letters with Reagan. Nunn said aid should be given through civilian *contra* leaders, the *contras* should be built into a genuine democratic movement, reports of human rights violations should be investigated, and a kind of Contra University established at which reading, writing, health care and economic skills would be taught. Reagan responded affirmatively on all counts. Part of the deal was that Nunn must then go along with Reagan's assurances. He did, and voted for military aid. Once again, he went Reagan's way with noisy misgivings.

Finally, consider Star Wars. Nunn votes for billions for Star Wars research, yet he is all but scandalized by Reagan's promoting of it as a "shield" that can make nuclear weapons obsolete. "What that does is cause the framework of the program to be so broad that it's going to be hard to narrow it down to a viable alternative that replaces deterrence. That's what he's talking about. It causes the scientific community to be shooting in a very broad fashion and is very injurious to a sound program. . . . I think it is a political plus with the general public, and probably a political plus in the short term. But in the long term, it's a real trap, not for this president, but for the one who has to go before the American people and say, 'Oops. I realize Reagan said we're going to protect Peoria, but now let me tell why we've got to protect the missile fields in Montana.' Somebody's going to have a hard job."

NO ONE DOUBTS Nunn's sincerity in raising doubts about Reagan's defense schemes and then voting for them. The question is whether it is good politics for Democrats. At the least, Nunn can be accused of being a me-too Democrat, regularly backing Reagan proposals, with qualifications. It may be an honest approach, but it isn't a bold or exciting one.

Where does all this leave Nunn today? "He is the person who, as a Democrat, can speak for defense," says Chiles. "And he's not locked into the stereotype of just wanting to throw money at defense." That's worth something. But it doesn't make Nunn presidential material, though Robb has prodded him to run in 1988. Nunn says this is the furthest thing from his mind, but Robb insists Nunn is "weakening" and is now willing to discuss it.

Still, that is probably a waste of time. On the scale of one to ten, one being most liberal and ten being most conservative, Nunn puts himself at six or seven. He says most Southerners are the same. He says Reagan talks like a nine, but governs like a seven. But most Democrats aren't quite that conservative, and the Democrats who dominate the presidential primaries and caucuses are even less so. Besides, Nunn has something in his record to antagonize nearly every Democratic constituency. Feminists are angered by his vote in favor of a constitutional amendment banning abortion. His support for right-to-work upsets labor. His vote for a Jesse Helms bill to cut ten percent from social programs across the board alarms numerous constituencies.

BUT AS a vice presidential nominee, Nunn would attract far less opposition. Why? Democrats are desperate to win in 1988, even if it means accepting a nonliberal running mate. In this sense, Nunn may be the right person. And liberal activists aren't ruling him out. "The worst thing that can happen to liberals, labor, feminists right now is to say that anybody is unacceptable because of this or that vote," says Joanne Symons, the political director of the American Nurses Association. "I really would like to see Nunn picked [for vice president]," says Richard Murphy of the Service Employees Union. "He's an honest conservative Democrat. I don't think he's anti-union by any means."

Nunn demurs. Putting a Southerner on the ticket won't help the Democrats much in winning the South, he says. "I don't think it solves the basic problem. You have to have a philosophy in the ticket itself that is compatible" with the South. Besides, Nunn has something else in mind for himself—chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Naturally, there are skeptics who question what Nunn really wants. The assumption in the political community is that any politician who courts national prominence wants to be president.

Several days after the Philippine election, Nunn sent a scorching letter to Reagan, saying that Cory Aquino was the rightful winner and that Ferdinand Marcos should be abandoned at all cost. It was a new issue for Nunn, and the release of the letter prompted fresh speculation about a presidential bid. In truth, it was the old Nunn at work. The letter was influential in the Senate. It touched off a stampede among Democrats of all stripes to denounce Marcos. It also brought the TV networks and print reporters to Nunn's door. But he didn't grant a single interview. □

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INTERVENTIONISM: AN EXCHANGE

To the editors:
With enemies like Charles Krauthammer, the realist critique of U.S. foreign policy scarcely needs friends. Throughout his attempt to demonstrate "The Poverty of Realism" (TNR, February 17), as spelled out most recently by me and three other authors in separate journal articles, Krauthammer unwittingly embraces most of realism's fundamental tenets. Still, I can't welcome him to the club just yet.

Krauthammer assures us that a little common sense can prevent neo-internationalism from exhausting American resources, or from leading to war. He belittles as vague and arbitrary my admonition, in *Foreign Policy*'s winter issue, to base U.S. policy on the pursuit of intrinsically important goals. Such realism is also dismissed as nitpicking: "It forces change only in the terms of discussion."

Krauthammer may understand that the question "Can it be done at reasonable cost?" must follow the question "Should it be done?" (Although, by his declared standards, phrases like "at reasonable cost" are vague and arbitrary.) But the Reagan administration does not. Look at Secretary of State George Shultz's quintessential neo-internationalist declaration of September 1984 that "the United States must be a *tireless* [emphasis added] sentinel of freedom."

In his State of the Union speech, President Reagan explained why true neo-internationalists can take no comfort from Krauthammer-like observations that today's skimpy U.S. aid for anticommunists is "astonishingly cheap." American aid, Reagan contended, must not permit these forces "just to fight and die for freedom, but to fight and win freedom." Moreover, he seems to recognize that selling neo-internationalism to Americans by stressing how cheap it is is the perfect way to tell the Soviets that they can prevail simply by upping the ante.

As it becomes clear that neo-internationalism's goals cannot be achieved at bargain-basement prices, the core problem will surface: the declarations of unlimited commitment that give neo-internationalism its distinctive moral content often link America's reputation to causes for which the United States is unwilling to fight—that is, to causes of limited intrinsic importance to Americans. The inflated expectations that result at home and abroad inevitably leave Washington with only bad choices when trickles of aid can't achieve U.S. goals: do what is necessary to succeed, or acquiesce in a highly visible setback.

Realism tries to avoid this trap by accustoming Americans to examining the pros and cons of involvement in advance. This is why Hans Morgenthau focused on identifying the right and wrong reasons for American initiatives abroad. He realized that the rationales for intervention bear heavily not only on the decisions to intervene, but also on how easily interventions can be stopped.

Consequently, nothing is more important today than changing the terms of foreign policy discussion. I sought to call attention to the fact that since the end of the Vietnam War the foreign policy debate has revolved around secondary themes and questions of means: during the 1970s, for example, human rights; during the 1980s, the use of force (thanks partly to THE NEW REPUBLIC). But debating these individual values cannot provide sound advice for policymakers. The discussion must be linked to specific, discrete national needs. Thus, advice on "how to act" (Krauthammer's criterion for usefulness) is premature. Advice on "how to think" is needed first.

Realism challenges foreign policy thinkers of all stripes to specify why and how their policies will benefit the country. Some of Krauthammer's responses only epitomize the problem. For example, he seeks to intimidate us by waving in our faces precisely the mind-numbing slogans that new realists in particular hope to banish from American foreign policy thinking until they are carefully defined—slogans such as "great power," "economic isolationism," and even "containment."

Krauthammer persuasively argues that beyond core security American interests become matters of political choice—a point so central to realist thinking that my article mentioned it twice. Forced as a result to evaluate neo-internationalist interventions on a country-by-country basis, he finds that his universalistic imperatives—such as "rolling back Soviet acquisitions" and "encouraging the establishment of new liberal polities . . . most especially in the Third World"—are either counterproductive (as in China's case) or inapplicable (as in Cambodia's). If he rigorously applied this reasoning to Angola and Nicaragua, he would reach similar conclusions.

A true realist could still support the Reagan Doctrine if it enjoyed popular support. But neo-internationalists would first have to show that the American taxpayer, so often suckered by bogus Third World democrats and their publicists, has any interest in the Gramm-Rudman era in crusades for Savimbi-style democracy.

As the administration understands, neo-internationalists have to exaggerate the security stakes involved in Third World conflicts. To his credit, Krauthammer sometimes seems uneasy with such intellectual dishonesty. I hope that he will continue to remind his readers that America's survival will not be determined in the Nicaraguan jungle or the Angolan bush, and to insist that neo-internationalists specify "reasonable costs." I hope I will finish his next article and exclaim, "Now you're thinking like a realist!"

ALAN TONELSON
Associate Editor, Foreign Policy
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Charles Krauthammer's essay is a thoroughly unconvincing foreign policy critique. He arbitrarily combines two disparate schools of thought (realpolitik and non-interventionism) under the "realist" label, thereby creating a straw-man opponent. It is a clever ploy that enables him to pummel his adversaries from all sides, but it muddles rather than clarifies vital foreign policy concepts.

Krauthammer demolishes proponents of realpolitik, observing correctly that the doctrine culminates in either a rudderless pragmatism or a reluctant endorsement of existing global containment policy without the latter's moral dimension. The non-interventionist faction, though, is not so easily dispatched. Scholars such as Christopher Layne and Earl Ravenal (a leading advocate of non-interventionism Krauthammer inexplicably ignores) challenge Krauthammer and his fellow "neo-internationalists" (interventionists) on their own

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intellectual turf. These critics insist that current U.S. policy is deficient both morally and practically.

One goal of American foreign policy, Krauthammer insists, is to "promote democracy in places where it does not yet exist." It is mystifying how U.S. enthusiasm for dictators such as Ferdinand Marcos furthers that objective. Indeed, this tendency to embrace authoritarian regimes needlessly antagonizes Third World populations and betrays America's own heritage. Krauthammer blithely dismisses allegations that global containment is prohibitively expensive. However, more than half of America's military budget goes not for homeland defense but for the protection of so-called allies—a financial burden now approaching $200 billion annually. Interventionism is nothing more than a blueprint for disastrous meddling abroad and economic exhaustion at home.

TED GALEN CARPENTER
CATO Institute
Washington, D.C.

Charles Krauthammer replies:

Alan Tonelson's realist complaint against neo-internationalism comes down to this: (1) the Reagan Doctrine will exhaust us. (Shultz threatens to be "tireless"!) This is simply false. Reagan Doctrine support for insurgencies is indeed inexpensive—about one-quarter of one percent of what we spend on NATO, for example.

And intrinsically so. Compared to counterinsurgency, insurgency is cheap. Soviet assistance to North Vietnam was "astonishingly cheap" by any measure, particularly when measured against the cost to the United States of supporting South Vietnam. Moreover, the use of proxies—the distinguishing feature of both post-Vietnam approaches to containment, the Reagan and Nixon doctrines—is cheap. The strongest argument against using guerrilla proxies is that it is cynical and immoral. But for realists, who pride themselves with a cold-eyed pragmatism that transcends "moralism," that argument is unavailable.

(2) Without U.S. troops, these insurgencies will fail. How does Tonelson know? It took the Vietnamese 30 years to win their war, and they had the unlimited backing of one global and one regional superpower. The Reagan Doctrine is a few years old and every appropriation for it is resisted, then watered down by Congress, then denounced by realists as both too much and too little.

(3) Reagan Doctrine conflicts are "causes for which the United States is unwilling to fight," and thus are of "limited intrinsic importance" to the U.S., so why waste our resources on them? This point shows the utter lack of modulation in the realist position. It seems as if the only choice before Americans is causes for which they must be willing to fight and causes they must be willing to abandon. This is a curious dichotomy. And it comes from a foreign policy school whose great claim is to prudence and realism. Americans are unwilling to fight for Afghans. Does that mean we should cancel our commitment to the rebels? It is possible that the rebels will be routed, and that America will therefore lose prestige. Does this mean that, because we are not committed to sending troops in that event, our aid to the resistance loses its geopolitical and moral rationale?

This goes to the core issue. Tonelson and other realists seem to think that because I advocate prudence, I am not a true neo-internationalist; or because I propose an ideological neo-internationalism, I can't be serious when I counsel prudence.

Is it really so hard to imagine a foreign policy that is multidimensional—that insists on satisfying democratic values and geopolitical requirements, and at the same time, on tailoring means to fit the ends? The realist inability to balance two values at the same time is mystifying. In Tonelson's view, because I believe that the idea of establishing democracy is impossible in the case of China and Cambodia, the original strategy of trying to promote democracy and defend the West is therefore vitiated. Say that I had as an overriding value trying to eradicate disease. Certain diseases are at present ineradicable and the treatment of other diseases is worse than the illness itself. Does recognition of these exceptions mean that I must repudiate the aim of eradicating disease?

Tonelson thinks me a closet realist for wanting to test neo-internationalist prescriptions "on a country-by-country basis." That makes me merely prudent. Neo-internationalism offers a strategy (containing Soviet power and rolling it back where possible) and a twofold justification (an ideological commitment to freedom and the geopolitical need to protect the existing democratic world). Such a creed establishes the legitimacy of intervention. But that does not mean an automatic, maximum commitment in every situation. Just because we are committed to freedom in Poland, that does not mean a neo-internationalist wants to send a brigade to Warsaw to enforce it. There are constraints. Some political systems (China) are immovable (by us), and some interventions, though geopolitically justified, fail by our own ideological or moral standards (Cambodia). I fail to see how the existence of examples where a policy cannot be carried out implies that the policy is invalid.

Mr. Carpenter summarizes Tonelson's realism best: "rudderless pragmatism or a reluctant endorsement of existing global containment policy without [neo-internationalism's] moral dimension." But he calls "arbitrary" my characterizing realpolitik and non-interventionism as versions of realism. But the heart of realism is the view that "national interest" is the touchstone of foreign policy. I took pains to point out that the realpolitik and non-interventionist schools adopt precisely that view and thus have a fundamental affinity that Mr. Carpenter's cry of arbitrariness is hardly sufficient to banish.

Mr. Carpenter then attacks neo-internationalism as both morally and practically deficient. The moral deficiency, it seems, is American enthusiasm for dictators like Ferdinand Marcos. Come again? I specifically say that in pro-American autocracies, a neo-internationalist policy ought to promote a democratic third force. And I cited the Philippines as an example. Carpenter may have an argument with Ronald Reagan on this issue. He doesn't have one with me.

As for practicality, I do not deny that containment is extremely expensive. But the overwhelming bulk of that cost is the defense of Europe and Japan. Only the most radical isolationist (Carpenter, it seems, is one) wants to give up those alliances. My argument, however, was aimed not at thirties-style isolationism, since, Carpenter notwithstanding, its church is too small. The real threat to U.S. foreign policy comes from neo-isolationists (Kennan, Tonelson, Tucker) who want to stick with Europe and Japan but renounce the rest of the world. They argue against Reagan Doctrine interventionism. And there are arguments to be made. Economic exhaustion, however, is not one of them.

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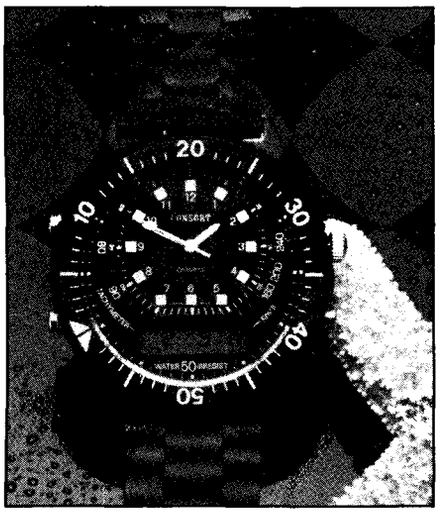

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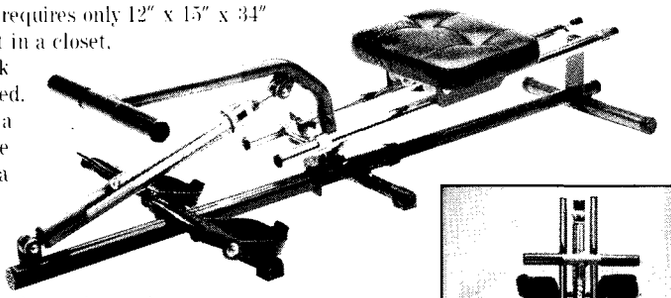
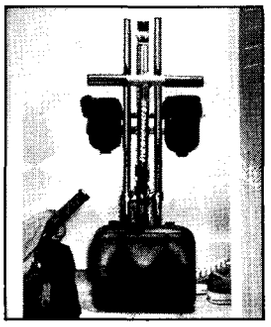
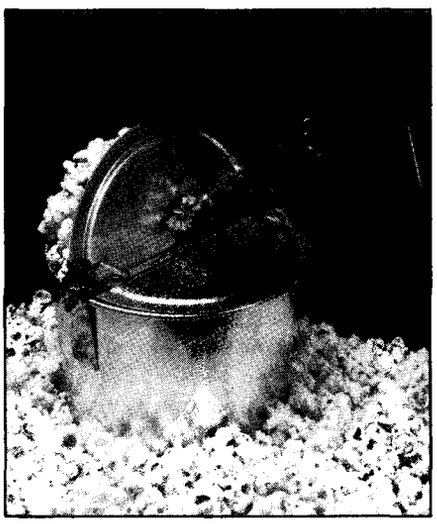




GOURMET POPCORN WITH OR WITHOUT FLAVORS



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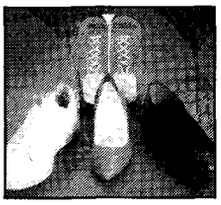

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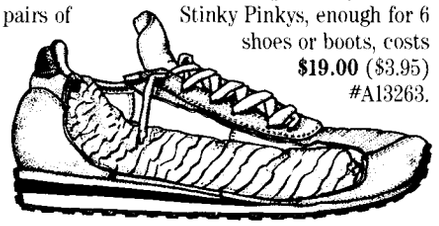

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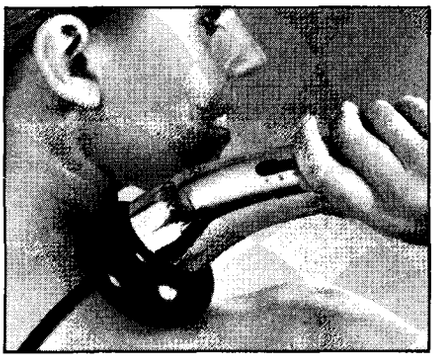

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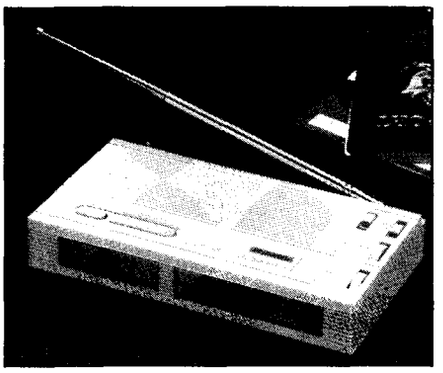

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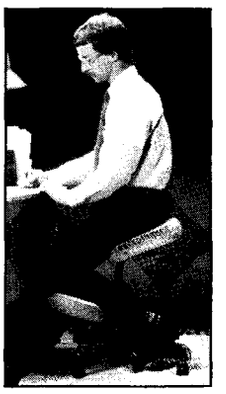

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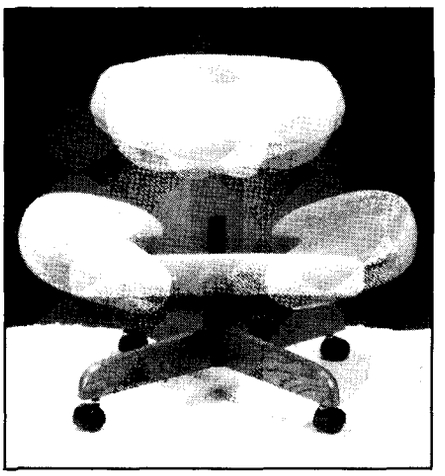

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Adolescing

On any day of any year, films about adolescents are plentifully available. There are at least two reasons for this. First, many film goers are adolescents. Second, many who are not adolescents like to see prurient youngsters provide "innocent" porno.

A third group, which includes both younger and older people, is probably smaller than the first two: this group knows that adolescence, despite the continual exploitative trampling all over it, will always be a rewarding subject for artists who take it seriously. That third group can get some mild pleasure out of *Lucas*, which was written and directed by David Seltzer. Lucas, a 14-year-old "accelerated" into high school because he is bright, is a bespectacled, short loner who is first seen wandering around with a butterfly net. (Before that, as a firm hint, we have seen a shot of a locust emerging from a cocoon.) He wanders past a tennis court where a 16-year-old girl, Maggie, is practicing. They find out that they are in the same school. She finds out that she likes him. (She asks him whether he collects insects; he says, no, he only likes to look at them. To collect them, you have to kill them.) He finds out what it is to fall deep into an ocean of love.

Lucas
(20th Century-Fox)
Smooth Talk
(Spectra)
Letter to Brezhnev
(Circle)

Most of the film is concerned with her affection for him and his inability to deal with his much deeper feeling for her. One of the many good scenes is *her* discovery of love—for the football captain. Around the principals is hemstitched a plot, made up of patches of other high-school plots; and the final fifth of the picture, about Lucas on the football field, was, I assume, Seltzer's concession in order to get the film made at all. But much of the film is pleasantly quiet: Lucas and Maggie talking and walking, learning how to appreciate themselves and others, gaining wisdom and vulnerability at about the same rate of speed.

Corey Haim, as Lucas, and Kerri Green, as Maggie, have a (let's call it) direct shyness that is exceptionally appealing. Seltzer cast the roles well and used his two people well. *Lucas* would have been much better without the Harold Lloyd finish, but what is good in it—which is considerable—is easy to watch.

Smooth Talk is a strong half-hour film weakened by a one-hour prologue. A story by Joyce Carol Oates ("Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?") was adapted by Joyce Chopra—who directed—and Tom Cole, both of whom apparently felt that it had to be built up backward to make a feature that would play in theaters, instead of a short that might get on PBS. That first hour is a recital of humdrum data about a 15-year-old girl's difficulties with her parents and herself, her flights into the company of her coevals, the gigglings and itches about sex, the loud music, shopping sprees, etc. Chopra deals knowingly with the family spats and shopping mall sorties and the hanging out at diners, but nothing much can be done to make them more than recognizable.

To all those sitcom commonplaces, which are a heap of "trashy dreams" to her mother and are armor to the girl, Laura Dern, as the adolescent, gives complete authenticity. Only one incident in that first hour has an odd thrum. One night, on her way into the hangout, Dern passes a man of about 30, parked in the lot outside, leaning against his car, a man who says as she goes by that he has been watching her, that he knows all about her. She thinks little of it, and moves on.

Not long after, on a Sunday afternoon when Dern is alone in her isolated country home, that man, played by Treat Williams, drives up in his car, accompanied by another man. In the long scene that follows, all the fantasy and mitigated daring of the first hour are suddenly translated into unmanageable reality for Dern. Williams's male companion, nearly mute, does nothing: he embodies the threat of violence that Williams himself deftly avoids. Dern comes to the door; Williams remains in the car for a while, smooth-talking her, spilling facts about her and her friends and her parents' absence for the day.

Then comes a scene of about 30 minutes in which Williams, though he gets out of the car eventually and arrives at the door, makes no overt move; and in which Dern goes through a storm of curiosities, fears, and almost mesmerized compliances. Williams has evidently developed a technique of seducing girls her age with voice and language. Dern senses this, is repelled by it, but is also flattered. The scene is subtle and ugly. Williams represents the reality (under fantasies) that has arrived for her too soon; Dern knows, frightened though she is, that this is his power. Williams does his best acting that I've seen; Dern

FILMS WORTH SEEING

My Beautiful Laundrette. Hanif Kureishi's script about Pakistanis in London is a bit discursive, but is funny, sad, and troubling. Excellently acted. (Reviewed 4/7/86)

A Room with a View. James Ivory is no fireball director, but except for his Lucy, he puts this adaptation of Forster before us with some sense of the gavotte beneath the text. (3/24/86)

Shoah. Hebrew for "holocaust." Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half-hour documentary (shown in two parts) does not chronicle all the Nazi atrocities against every people, but it is (I hope) imperishable testimony about the Final Solution. (10/28/85)

Turtle Diary. Like an exquisite small piece of carving. Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley are two Londoners who dream of liberating large turtles from an aquarium and returning them to the sea. Harold Pinter delicately adapted Russell Hoban's delicate novel. (3/10/86)

SK

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is perfect; and Chopra directs with utter comprehension. One shot I'll remember: we look down the dark hallway of the house, with Williams waiting patiently in the sunlight outside the screen door and Dern huddling under the stairs, realizing that she will go out to him.

When they leave—his friend remains behind—Chopra never shows us anything more than the empty parked car in a field. When Dern returns, her parents are home. She says she has only been for a walk; but her mother senses something. The film ends with the mother and daughter, previously estranged, cautiously brought closer together.

That half-hour scene is grave not only because Williams brings the girl the reification of sexual dreams before she is really ready, but because he also brings her the first intimations of mortality. I don't mean violence, though that possibility is not remote: I mean an adolescent's first glimpse of mortality.

Letter to Brezhnev is a clumsy curiosity from England. A 19-year-old Liverpool girl, working-class but unemployed, spends a night in a hotel with a young Soviet sailor on 24-hour leave from a merchant ship. We know that they are both higher types because, unlike her girlfriend and another Soviet sailor in the room next door, this pair never actually make love. Instead, they fall in love. As he leaves her at the dock the next day, he says he wants to marry her. She writes a letter to Brezhnev himself, gets a reply including a plane ticket, and against the pleas of family, friends, and even the British government, sets out to find her sailor and, perhaps, to marry him.

Chris Bernard, the director, and Frank Clarke, the writer, are sincere but handicapped. They have insufficient talent to avoid most of the clichés that a-life-in-a-day films are laden with; and they are especially defenseless against some really gauche stuff. (For instance, the young lovers spot a bright star in the sky and say they will always think of each other when they see it.) The performances are passable, though the Liverpool accent is sometimes impassable. The film's only interest is in showing the influence of romantic flummery on facts, for a 19-year-old, when the facts are sufficiently bleak.

In an essay called "James Cagney and the American Hero," published in 1932, Lincoln Kirstein wrote:

> He is the first definitely metropolitan figure to become national. . . . When his riddled body is propped up against his mother's door, mummied in bandages and flecked with blood, we catch our throats and realize that this is a hero's death. . . . Cagney has an inspired sense of timing, an arrogant style, a pride in the control of his body, and a conviction and lack of self-consciousness that are unique in the deserts of the American screen.

Fifty-four years have not darkened these words. Nor will the future dim them.

MEANING AND MUSIC

The Art of Biblical Poetry
by Robert Alter

(Basic Books, 228 pp., $17.95)

The Hebrew Bible's place in our predominantly secular culture is peculiar. The book from which, in good part, our idea of a canon derives is not part of the canon. If it is read at all by the secular-minded, they do not bring to it the same quality of attention accorded a great work of fiction. Precisely because the Bible is not meant to be fiction, because it is "sacred," we include it out. Those who do open their Hebrew Bible become fascinated, but their response remains a problem. Sympathetic anthropological observation and clever literary insight do not seem appropriate. The shadow of all the readings we might have done, if the Bible were part of the regular curriculum, one of the "classics," increases threshold tension. If we do now step into that plural book, the Bible, can we say anything worthy of it? For in addition to those absent readings, we know that a noble shelf of devoted readings exists, from which scholars or clerics draw, but they tend to remain esoteric or offside for most of us.

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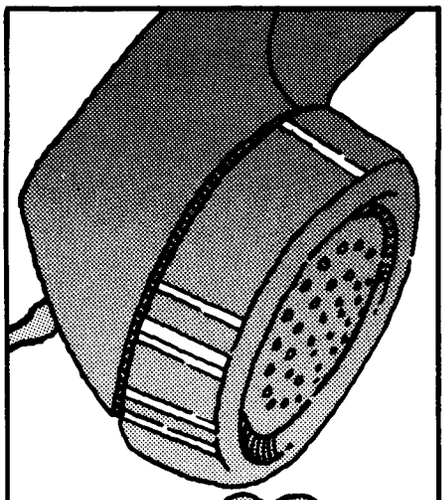

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A first salutary move, then, would be to expand the canon by including the Bible. A second move would be to return to the sources: especially, that is, to the Hebrew Bible, either in Hebrew or in the context of its own tradition. It is an open secret that in a "Christian culture" (as T. S. Eliot would define it) *Hebraica veritas* is downplayed. There have been interesting moments in church history when the "Old" Testament was suddenly recovered as a source of immediate truth; but generally, and to the present day, it is read in Christian circles via the "New" Testament that superseded it. Despite important work by Christian as well as Jewish scholars (for example, Robert Travers Herford's great book on the Pharisees, which totally revised the New Testament's negative image of that movement), the Hebrew Bible continues to be seen through a veil of ignorance. A return to the sources would mean studying the Torah in the context of its own vast tradition of learning: getting to know something of Talmud, Midrash, and medieval commentary, as well as the fruits of a "Science of Judaism" dating back to the middle of the last century.

FOR MANY years now Robert Alter has worked to expand our reading list to include the Hebrew Bible. In his hands it becomes a classic for the secular world as well. In *The Art of Biblical Narrative*, published in 1981, Alter turns laconic stories, through his care for detail and nuance, into miniature novels. Foreshortening and redundance, apparent contradiction and unapparent repetition, are seen as part of the biblical narrative's progressive, self-enriching movement. Like a highly disciplined preacher, or *darshan*, but preserving the literary integrity of each story, Alter rehearses it line by line, until the characters are men and women we can get to know, until their actions and passions, and their social and psychological milieu, resemble ours.

The biblical narrator's artistry itself, even in composite stories, seems to suggest a remarkable way of being-in-the-world. As for Alter's own gift of analysis, I despair of linking it to any theory (none is properly developed) or to any theological perspective (nothing deeper than that "God's purposes are always entrammeled in history"). The one ambitious speculation, following the Israeli scholar Shemaryahu Talmon, is that the Bible's worldly prose deliberately replaces the polytheistic genre of verse epic and its "fixed choreography of timeless events." Alter is finally the latest and the best flowering of the New Criticism; and I can see no deeper roots for his achievement than the empowering force of a pedagogic ideal, one that wishes to redress a failure of the New Criticism by including the Bible as a classic work—classic in that art and faith are in harmony and combine to make it accessible.

Alter's new book, *The Art of Biblical Poetry*, strengthens our confidence in the intelligibility of some of the hardest portions of the Bible. Persuasively written and argued, it makes sense of complex masses of diction. We are allowed to forget how much in the text depends on doubtful or glorious guesses about the meaning of individual words. Because the philology that surrounds the Hebrew Bible is immense, and the ideological currents are strong and intemperate, the temptation arises to simplify, to say the one necessary thing, or obversely, to lose oneself in a thousand fascinating details. One is grateful, therefore, to have a magician who turns us all into readers again, who avoids pedantry and controversy, who refuses to be diverted from a needful task: to show how the stubborn Hebrew makes its meaning clear and clearer, through certain formal techniques.

ACCORDING TO Alter, the biblical poems are seen as structures that reinforce their meaning at every point. To understand them, no heavy equipment is required, only an attentive mind, a care for the sequence of words, and an acknowledgment of one defining feature of Hebrew poetry as it heightens an effect also found in the Bible's prose. This feature is parallelism: clauses that repeat words with similar meanings ("semantic parallelism") often accompanied by syntactical and rhythmic doublings. "The ox knows its owner, the ass its master's crib" (Isaiah 1:3). Such doubling, Alter insists, is not redundant. The second clause is incremental: it focuses, specifies, intensifies, elements of the first.

I can give only a small example of Alter's deft unpacking of this incremental effect by quoting his interpretation, his animation rather, of the line from Isaiah.

> There may be a progression here on an axis of increasing closeness of connection from the ox, a beast of the field, to the ass, which you ride and which might be tethered at your door. What is clear, however, is the difference in *concreteness* and thematic insistence between simply knowing a master

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and knowing a master's crib, the feeding-trough through which palpable benefits flow from owner to owned.

Such picturesque insights, of which there are many, restore something of the everyday life of people whose needs and emotions we can share. Even the sublimity of Job is brought nearer, by treating his figures not as astounding and oversize images—the trace, as it were, of giants to whom we are pygmies—but as amplifications that enlarge our experience without estranging it. So Job's first speech is "a scale of curses," a "rising line of intensity in the articulation of such images." Its opening, "Perish the day I was born, the night that said 'A man has been conceived,'" also exemplifies the way in which the second clause is not simply a ballast variant of the first. "Since the initial verb 'perish,'" Alter writes,

> governs both clauses, the poet has the space in the second verset to invent a miniature dramatic scene, and one quite flagrantly founded on a fantastic hyperbole: that at the moment of conjugal consummation, the night or even perhaps the future father himself cried out in triumph, "A male . . . has been conceived."

Alter carries this differential analysis into the rest of Job's outburst and demonstrates that from a conventional pairing of "day" and "night" there springs a binary opposition powerfully extended throughout the speech, until Job, at the end, "can imagine no more than the concrete picture of his own nonbirth, shut up forever within the dark doors of the womb."

One might think that an emphasis on parallelism would homogenize the poetry of the Bible. But Alter finds it so flexible a medium that he is able to respect the individual character—the "distinctive semantic thrusts"—of the Song of Songs, Psalms, Proverbs, the Prophetic Books. "Here is God's Plenty," in a more literal sense than Dryden meant. Yet it may not be irrelevant that Dryden said it in praise of Chaucer, England's first secular poet with a remarkable gift for narrative.

ALTER'S contribution reaches beyond a theory of significant parallelism—which others too have broached, especially James Kugel in his book *The Idea of Biblical Poetry*—or a persuasive typology of the kinds of meaning-and-emphasis that parallelism can achieve. More original is his extension of significance from the single parallelistic line to passages and whole poems, as in his analysis of Job. The intralinear intensification carries over to interlinear continuity. This momentum allows Hebrew poetry to be narrative despite its seeming avoidance of narrative.

In Alter's previous book the argument was that the Hebrew Bible adopted prose as a medium to free itself of any association with pagan narratives, but also (here the artistic rather than the religious factor enters) to free itself in another sense. "The suppleness and subtlety of prose as it was handled by the biblical writers made possible a more nuanced and purposefully ambiguous representation of human character. . . ." This resourcefulness of biblical prose is matched by biblical poetry, whose lack of explicit narrative is turned into a qualitative plus. "The narrative impulse, for the most part withdrawn from the prominent structural and generic aspects of the poems, often resurfaces in their more minute articulations from verset to verset within the line, and from one line to the next."

The biblical artist, that is, uses the technique of parallelism as a technique of discovery. It is a heuristic device allowing him to invent a new and freer form of story-telling and characterization. Modern art may be closer to the Hebrew Bible than to Dante—despite Erich Auerbach's claim in *Mimesis* that the rise of realism, the representation of ordinary life in a serious rather than comic manner, originated in Christian story with its intense, paradoxical joining of sublime and humble.

STILL, here Alter's poetics touches on apologetics. He revalues the art of the Bible according to a view of art that finds it in the quality of its mimesis, in the way reality is represented. There is nothing wrong—indeed, there is much that is appropriate—about such an endeavor. Yet there is no consciousness in Alter that he is using formal analysis in a midrashic (moral or apologetic) manner. Moreover, his thesis about significant parallelism operates on levels that are not always clearly distinguished. The main subject of the thesis is biblical poetry, but it also involves poetic meaning, even meaning as such. Is the implication, for instance, that all meaning is really bound up in story-telling, in narrativity? Alter's reluctance to explore his own theory leaves essential questions unanalyzed, and puts him in danger of erecting an attractive and intelligible struc-

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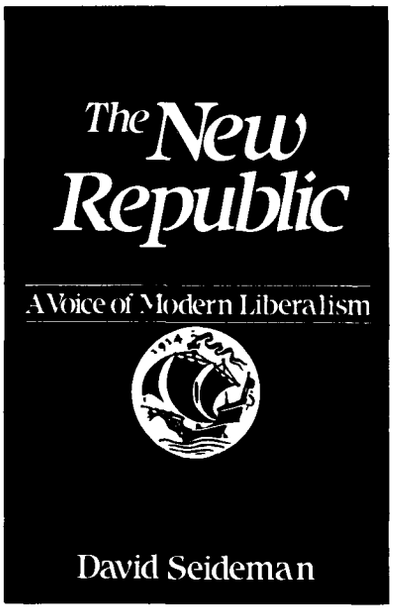

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ture on unsecured foundations.

It sounds utterly sensible that Alter should refuse to engage with rhythmic and phonetic types of parallelism, since we cannot reconstruct with certainty these elements of Hebrew prosody. But this leaves little for analysis except verbal contrast (ox/ass, owner/master's crib) found at the level of diction and image. Is meaning, however, especially in poetry, a matter of line by line semantic modification? (And is the sense of biblical words as firmly established as Alter's lucid translations suggest?) He goes so far as to declare that poetry involves, necessarily, a linear development: "in one respect it is a linear form of thinking or imagining."

Alter must know that this goes against the nonlinear (and often anti-narrative) thrust of post-symbolist art and its poetics of suggestion. If his point is that historical distance leaves us no choice except to deal with semantic units (as if everything else had been eroded by the action of time), should he not respect what comes before his ears and draw from the musical and indeterminate character of a poetry like Mallarmé's something that might restore the missing "bouquet" of biblical verse?

Poetry has always been a matter of numbers as well as names, of a rhythm generated by and within words. "Numbers" is one of the oldest synonyms for poetry. When John Keats refers to his verses as "tuneless numbers" he is being modest, but he alludes at the same time to what Mallarmé spells out toward the end of the 19th century. Poetry's loss of musical accompaniment (in ancient times it was chanted, or accompanied by an instrument) is also its gain, for literature can now take back from music what belongs to its own medium: an internal or internalized harmony. Even the poet's voice, or his too obvious lyricism, must be stilled, so that the initiative can pass to words themselves in their motion and collision. It is true that Mallarmé, the founder of a modern way of reading as well as of writing, tended to clothe this insight in quasi-religious diction, by talking of Music, Essence, Mystery, Silence, Book. The great and formal literary rhythms, he felt, whether parallelism or the French alexandrine, had to be broken up and reconstituted, until their symphonic potential would be once more a property of the intellectual and written word.

Today we shy from such exalted language. Yet Mallarmé's notion of this secular canon, impersonal and alive and bearing no single author's name, because the harmony it exhibits extends from within the single work to literature as such, is the basis of most conceptions of art; and it throws a retrospective light on the Bible. Alter, in making the Bible a great communicator, in concentrating on its directly translatable meaning, removes precisely what Mallarmé called "the mystery in letters," which he equated with their music and set against his era's utilitarian approach to reality.

I DO NOT WISH to puff Mallarmé, but rather to expose the problem of dealing with art in all its dimensions. An architectonic sense for numbers must be included, the way poetry is an art of timing that extends from childish rhymes to more ominous progressions. Such a perception may be difficult to apply, but it can be at least acknowledged. The complex charm of biblical parallelism, in any case, is not adequately explained by its semantic thrust, or its progressive, implicitly narrative momentum. Even if the meter or music of these verses has become inaudible, there remains a generalized feeling of repetition that is indeterminate, rather than forwarding and incremental. However correct Alter may be in assigning an added value to the second clause in biblical parallelism, the structure as a whole finally remains repetitive: it has to redetermine, again and again, that positive result. Each verse is a fresh cast of the verbal dice against a language hazard. Timing is as important as meaning; biblical poetry is often a halting dance with a tension between saying the right words once, and saying them once again.

Too much is elided by Alter's jargon of realization, by his view of biblical style as a mode of amplification, a powerful echo that brings a prior content to us, here and now. This emphasis, ironically, makes it more difficult to speak about the art that is his announced subject. It falls victim to this triumphant consonance of form and experience. It disappears into "a complete interfusion of literary art with theological, moral and historiosophical vision." There can be no room here for so fundamental an indeterminacy as I have suggested: that in biblical parallelism, each clause or verset *pauses*, as if a voice were wanting, or might be made to answer. Alter is so intent on freeing repetition from its ritual and rigid character—making it totally

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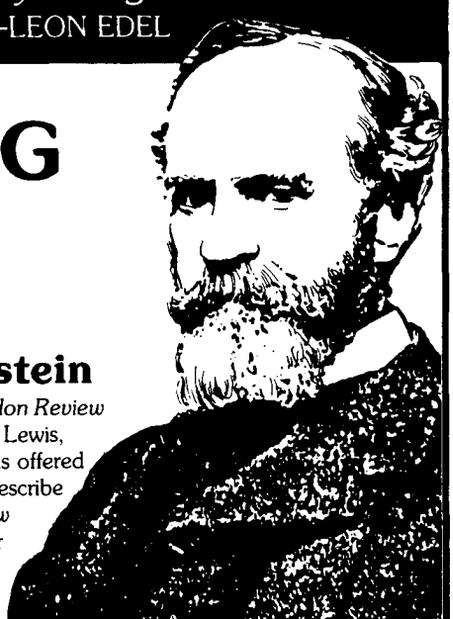

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expressive—that he cannot value dialectically its hypnotic charm.

Alter defines his work as "an effort of loving restoration." The archaeological metaphor here does not point to historical reconstruction, but to the proper appreciation of a poetic device. No one since Bishop Lowth (the 18th-century "discoverer" of biblical parallelism) has tackled the question of the Bible's poetry with such force and focus. The word "restoration," at the same time, is strong enough to evoke a mending with redemptive value. Though Alter's job is the practical one of doing justice to a cultural achievement (to what was well expressed yet never brought to critical consciousness), one cannot fail to catch a tone that is more urgent than urbane.

BUT IS IT SOMETHING biblical that is being recovered, or is it, through the Bible, a certain idea of art? It is not the Bible so much that needs help, though secular contempt and a reactionary fundamentalism shadow it about. What is in danger, as always, is the idea of art. That is where the redemptive urgency lies. What better way to remove contempt of art than by restoring our sense of the importance of art in the Bible?

The objection to Alter's project is not that he reduces the Bible to art (as if his purpose were to have the Bible adopted as a text in literature courses), but rather that he fails to provide an adequate understanding of art itself. He interprets Scripture only in a single, irreversible direction: the referential one, in which all musical qualities are translated into meanings, or else regretfully put aside. The Mallarméan direction, in which meanings set as poetry form an evocative structure that releases us from stereotype and stock response—more religiously phrased, that renews a source of inspiration existing before all temples—is neglected or opposed. Perhaps Alter senses that Mallarméan poetics is in competition with, rather than a negation of, the art of the Bible, that it substitutes a theology of art. Mallarmé, in short, is as redemptive of art as Alter seeks to be.

Challenged, then, by modern poetics, Alter demystifies art so much that it becomes merely a technique: an instrument in the service of theology, though an attractive and humane theology. He refers, in fact, to Victor Shklovsky's famous essay "Art as Technique." The irony is that technique, in Shklovsky's formalist sense, has often been used to justify a

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practice that is not realist at all, but closer to Mallarmé and the very emphasis on foregrounded language—the medium becoming the message—that alarms Alter into bringing up the Bible's big guns.

MORE CRUCIALLY still, though Alter shows that parallelism is a technique of discovery for the poet, he fails to stress that it is also a technique of discovery for the reader. As a feature of Hebrew poetry it does not remove from auditor or reader the responsibility to listen very actively—which is exactly what Alter does when he discriminates between near-synonyms in parallel clauses and decides that the second clause improves on the first in an interpretable way. But then he translates this discovery into a rule with systematic rather than heuristic value. And this, of course, limits the exegetical sharpness of the interpreter. For rabbinical exegesis, as Kugel has pointed out, parallelism was not a poetry-defining form: Scripture is of one piece, and unconcerned with separating discursive and nondiscursive modes. Parallelism simply gave rabbinical commentary a further chance to show that nothing in the biblical text was redundant. The initiative passed to the interpreter, according to a principle of omnisignificance that not only endowed every word and variation with meaning, but made these inexhaustible, as if, indeed, biblical prose and poetry alike had never separated meaning from music, denotation from evocation.

Alter's last chapter, "The Life of the Tradition," posits a "collective and traditionalist impulse" congruent with biblical practice, and present in Western poetry until the Romantic revolution, at which point a major break occurred in that era of congruence:

> Wordsworth looking at the light dawning over Westminster Bridge tries to evoke in words an experience that is uniquely his. . . . The psalmist, looking up at moon and stars . . . uses his own feeling and perception as his point of departure, but they are not really his subject. Rather, in seeing this moment of the natural world's splendor . . . he celebrates the created world not as an individual with a unique freight of personal experience but as a member of and eloquent spokesman for . . . man.

Here, then, the life of the tradition is cut short. What must be feared is Romantic alienation, from which the incongruence of poetic vehicle and vision derives, and which can be repaired by a return to biblical poetics. Alter writes as a kind of literary *hoser b'tshuva* (a returnee to faith). But the idea of a rift in Western poetry, located or consolidated around the time of Wordsworth and Blake, is one of the hoariest simplifications of literary history, promoted by the New Criticism and its modernist friends. That a generation of critics has tried to overturn this distorted view—and every such break or divide should be the object of our suspicion, not just when it is made to coincide with Romanticism—has not touched this scholar. His heart is still with Eliot's "Tradition and the Individual Talent." It is good to know that 60 years are as a day in the history of criticism.

If I sound exercised, it is not only because Wordsworth is closer than most English poets to the Hebrew Bible, in elemental feelings and even occasionally in narrative method. It is also because one can't mount a defense of poetry by misreading great poetry. You simply play into the hands of a less intelligent conservatism. A perspective on literature that mistakes Wordsworth so fundamentally, that suggests a Romantic fall from grace and is offhand with Mallarmé, throws doubt on the value of its own redemptive enterprise. That is not the way to diminish contempt for art, or to augment the art of criticism.

GEOFFREY HARTMAN

Geoffrey Hartman is professor of English and comparative literature at Yale University, and the author most recently of *Easy Pieces* (Columbia University Press). He is the editor of *Bitburg in Moral and Political Perspective*, which will be published this month by Indiana University Press.

RE-INVENTING THE WHEEL

Re-inventing the Corporation
by John Naisbitt and Patricia Aburdene

(Warner, 308 pp., $17.50, $4.95 paper)

Beyond Mechanization: Work and Technology in a Postindustrial Age
by Larry Hirschhorn

(MIT Press, 187 pp., $19.95, $6.95 paper)

You remember John Naisbitt, futurist, author of the six-million-copy best-seller *Megatrends*, and prognosticator of trends for corporate clients. In a methodological breakthrough, Naisbitt tabulates newspaper clips the way an earlier generation of futurists tabulated entrails, looking to discern hidden portents.

If the popular press, in the late publisher Phil Graham's phrase, is only a first rough draft of history, Naisbitt nonetheless turns the dross of yesterday's ephemeral news into golden predictions about the future. The material itself invites ridicule, but Naisbitt has the last laugh. The economy is enjoying the surprise boom forecast by *Megatrends*, Naisbitt's consultations cost upward of $10,000 a day, and his auguries continue to be packaged between hard covers.

In Naisbitt's latest work, with co-author Patricia Aburdene, he amplifies his earlier views on the future of the corporation, applying his patented method. And guess what? Every day in every way America's corporations are getting better and better: more dynamic, more efficient, and best of all, nicer places to work. This is surefire stuff, for it deftly amalgamates several recent pop themes—the age of entrepreneurship, the information economy, the chief executive as führer, and the human-potential approach to the workplace. Even better, it delivers the sort of good news that everybody wants to hear. The prose is the now-familiar cant of the inspirational text—hortatory, cheery, breathless, and simpleminded, with lots of buzzwords. (Critics during the McLuhan period who foresaw television displacing print failed to anticipate *People*, *USA Today*, and John Naisbitt.)

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Why are the interests of the worker and the boss suddenly converging? Well, first of all, in boldface, "**in the information society, human resources are any organization's competitive edge.**" In case you missed it, the claim is repeated in italics: "... *human beings will make or break a company.*" Second, Naisbitt and Aburdene insist that the economy is moving rapidly toward full employment, thanks to the baby bust, which means that "the United States is in for labor shortages for the rest of this century that will drive the reinventing of the corporation." As a result, workers will enjoy a seller's market and the authoritarian corporation will be as dead as the dodo. All told, the last decade of the century promises a splendid convergence of the corporate desire for profits and the human desire for fulfilling, enriching work: "The most distinguishing characteristic of the reinvented corporation is that it is a place where employees experience growth." The message is repeated literally hundreds of times, in slightly different words.

FOR EVIDENCE, Naisbitt and Aburdene turn to the Naisbitt Group's fabulous clip files. Most of their anecdotes are only a paragraph or two long, conveniently stripped of any ambiguity or qualification that might complicate the message or confuse the reader. For instance: "At the General Motors Plant in Fitzgerald, Georgia, self-management teams make many decisions that management once made in the past." Sorry, no further details. Or, under the heading "Create an Intellectually Stimulating Environment": "The Information Services Group at M&M Mars' Randolph, New Jersey, operation invites nationally known speakers to address a quarterly after-work gathering at a local restaurant." Imagine that.

Nearly all of these illustrations are distilled from secondary sources, many of them fairly pureed to begin with—*Business Week*, *Inc.* magazine, and *U.S. News & World Report*. My favorite tip-off line explains, "We had read with great interest about W. L. Gore & Associates [a company with a 'lattice' concept of management].... But we felt we would never really understand this lattice idea without visiting W. L. Gore & Associates...." Evidently, abandoning the clips and conducting an actual interview is such a rare event that it deserves special note.

All the excesses of the good management/self-improvement genre are present in this single volume. There is hyperbole, redundancy, oversimplification, and the extravagant unqualified claim. Some of the assertions are simply wrong. Although the baby bust will take some pressure off the labor market, this is being offset by the continued reentry of young mothers and workers over age 65. America's total labor force participation rate is continuing to rise, and no reputable economist thinks demographics alone will create full employment. In their burbling enthusiasm, Naisbitt and Aburdene make nonsensical overstatements such as, "Almost all jobs will require sophisticated high tech tools, and the advanced skills to operate them." They will?

But what of the basic thesis that the information economy is demanding a less authoritarian workplace? The proposition is an intriguing half-truth that has prompted a serious academic debate. On one side of this issue are neo-Marxian pessimists like David Noble and Harley Shaiken, who insist that information technology in a capitalist economy only becomes a more nefarious instrument of management control and worker "de-skilling." On the other side are legions of nonideological quality-of-work-life advocates, as well as some left-of-center students of industrial his-

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tory such as Charles Sable and Michael Piore, who support Naisbitt's contention that more complex technologies will indeed require smarter workers and hence more liberated corporate forms.

ONE OF THE very best recent works in the latter tradition is Larry Hirschhorn's *Beyond Mechanization*. A researcher in management and behavioral science at the University of Pennsylvania, Hirschhorn is a leftist of sorts but also an optimist on the key issue of whether the new information economy heralds a more democratic workplace, capitalism notwithstanding. Hirschhorn's conclusions reflect painstaking firsthand research, and the careful qualification and nuance that the subject deserves.

Hirschhorn begins with one central insight. In the old factory economy, workers were extensions of machines. In the new information economy, where workers "monitor controls" and where cybernetic systems require constant adjustments, only autonomous and highly skilled workers can get the job done. For instance, no computer program can determine the optimal moment for replacing a worn-out cutting tool; the more delicate the machine, the more subtle the human judgment. As a result, the old factory culture is out of harmony with the demands of the new technology.

Moreover, highly advanced, automated systems "introduce new and unexpected ways of failing" that could not have been anticipated by the engineers, and can be remedied only by alert, highly educated workers. The quest for the perfect self-regulating machine, says Hirschhorn, is hopelessly utopian. The higher the technology, the more complex the possible modes of system failure—and the more indispensable the craft worker. His most vivid case in point is the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island, where a maintenance error converged with the misreading of monitors and produced a chain of calamities beyond the imagination of the plant's designers.

Hirschhorn briefly recapitulates modern industrial history, and then in his three best chapters looks carefully at current efforts to integrate work and learning—a feat that he believes is an imperative of the emerging technology. Drawing on 22 case studies, he finds an epic clash between the demands of advanced technology and the traditional social organization of the factory. Worker participation, he writes, is "not a gift from management to the workers. On the contrary, it can come at great personal cost to workers, who risk interpersonal conflict." Unless management is very serious about radically altering the entire structure of the corporation, he finds, workers and supervisors alike will not give up traditional roles, however counterproductive they may be.

Hirschhorn does have a mild case of the redundancy that terminally afflicts Naisbitt and Aburdene. He can't resist pausing now and again to recapitulate the previous argument. More seriously, perhaps, Hirschhorn tends to extrapolate a bit too readily from the machine shop to the entire postindustrial economy. The machinist in the postindustrial economy may indeed be on the verge of a new golden age of skilled craft work, but what of the postindustrial janitors, data entry clerks, hamburger engineers, who make up such a large fraction of the emerging work force? Soon the industrial sector will employ few human workers at all.

These, however, are relatively minor blemishes. Unfortunately, given the fate of most academic books, Hirschhorn's entire pressrun about equals the freebie publicity distribution of Naisbitt and Aburdene's book. One of the hidden consequences of the postindustrial age is that few readers buy serious books. Hirschhorn, however, might console himself that his work will eventually get into the great current of popular ideas, via Naisbitt's clip files.

ROBERT KUTTNER

THE SCREENWRITER'S REVENGE

Children of Light
by Robert Stone

(Knopf, 258 pp., $17.95)

Is there anyone angrier than a screenwriter spurned? In his first three novels, Robert Stone persuasively mined the brawniest tradition of American letters in the American century. With the thematic grandiosity (and sometimes the overreach) of Dreiser, the moral clarity of Fitzgerald, and the combustible vernacular of Hemingway, Stone synthesized the chaos of the sixties (*A Hall of Mirrors*, 1967), the post-Vietnam hangover of the seventies (*Dog Soldiers*, 1974), and against a presciently drawn Central American landscape, the embattled idealism of the eighties (*A Flag for Sunrise*, 1981). But reading Stone's new novel, *Children of Light*, one recalls that its author shares not only literary ground with Fitzgerald and Hemingway, but also scars from the Hollywood wars.

Stone worked on the screenplays of the movies made from his first two novels, to no happy avail. *A Hall of Mirrors* became a dreadful Paul Newman-Joanne Woodward vehicle, *WUSA*, that deservedly bombed. *Dog Soldiers* was more faithfully realized on screen, but the film was haphazardly titled (*Who'll Stop the Rain?*) and dumped by its distributor, with the result that almost no one saw it. Stone settles the score in *Children of Light*, which is, among other things, a Hollywood novel (largely set on location in Mexico) about a disenchanted screenwriter and sometime screen actor (of "faggoty intellectual villains") named Gordon Walker. How bitter is Stone about what William Goldman would call his adventures in the screen trade? Let's put it this way: Walker describes a movie script as "the record of petty arguments lost or won, half-assed stratagems and desperate compromises" and "a graph of meaningless motion like the tube-worm trails in a prehistoric seabed."

At this late date, it's hard to imagine anyone scoring more points off soulless Hollywood, especially those pertaining to the cannibalization of writers. (As the audience for the Oscars saw, when Larry Gelbart described the screenwriter's plight upon presenting the best screenplay awards, the industry itself has even begun to co-opt and market this line of attack—for laughs.) Yet the bitchiest film-colony observations are easily the finest passages of *Children of*

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Light. It's when Stone takes to heavy metaphysical panting and literary deck-stacking—attempting to inflate a film location and its scurvy denizens into a spiritual seismograph of a national malaise, attempting to raise (as he puts it) the Universal Tour into the universal tour—that this novel fails. Although far more honest than backstage Hollywood movies like *The Bad and the Beautiful* or *A Star Is Born* (both of which it echoes)—and much spicier than such classic reportage as Lillian Roth's *Picture* or John Gregory Dunne's *The Studio—Children of Light* never quite transcends itself to become *The Day of the Locust* or *The Last Tycoon*.

THE LOCATION Stone describes is in Bahia Honda, where Grand Isle, Louisiana, has been scrupulously (and cheaply) re-created for a film version of Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*. Walker wrote the screenplay some years ago and has since devolved into a typical Stone protagonist—a burnt-out, drugged-out drifter whose mouth tastes of "death and ruin," whose "inner resources" are depleted, and whose consciousness (or what's left of it) is possessed by "a vision of his life as trash." What draws Walker to the set of *The Awakening* is the film's leading lady, a second-rank movie star and full-fledged schizophrenic named Lu Anne Bourgeois (known to her public as Lee Verger). A decade earlier, Walker and Lu Anne had had an extramarital affair. Walker, recently abandoned by his understandably fed-up wife, is convinced that his salvation lies in a reunion with the lost love of his past.

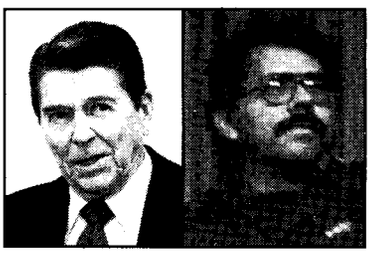
The Walker-Lu Anne reunion, a meeting of drug-fried minds, is not nearly as fascinating as the journey the hero takes from Hollywood to the location. Some of the screenwriter's roadside stops reveal Stone at his mordant best. We visit the sleazy San Epifanio Beach Hotel, "a nine-story riot of exoticism" where Walker lived "years before in a room beside an atelier where a blind masseur cohabited with Ramon Novarro's putative cousin." Even the hotel's hostile parking lot attendant and rotgut happy-hour drinks are disgustingly vivid. A later detour takes us to a Mexican laetrile clinic run by a defrocked Beverly Hills Dr. Feelgood. Walker asks him why he calls his patients "customers," and the good doctor philosophically replies, "I call them as I feel them to be. . . . I don't call them squeals, or marks or tricks. I call them customers. I'm their dealer."

Once Walker reaches the location, his cosmic struggles pall next to the activities of the industry snakes lurking in the shadows around him, forever practicing what is described as their "very Hollywood" game of *La Ronde*. The director of *The Awakening* is a pretentious fellow named Drogue who wants "a feminist perspective" injected into the script—not for ideological reasons but so that he can steal some of the screenplay credit and "more points" of the take. Drogue's aged, cynical father, "old Drogue," is also on hand. A randy Hollywood pioneer with credits "before sound," he praises Lu Anne's performance with the observation, "She has a way of being crazy . . . that photographs pretty well."

Stone rivals Nathanael West when drawing acridly funny portraits of the location's less glamorous laborers—"the artisan class of the film industry." Among them are Bill Bly (nicknamed "Pig"), a veteran stuntman and bodyguard who serves as an all-purpose Mister Fixit when he isn't luring native boys to bed with amyl nitrates and Quaaludes; Jack Best, an alcoholic unit publicist embittered by his obsequious job and by his humiliating penchant for Hollywood malapropisms (he confuses "condom" and "conundrum"); and Joy McIntyre, Lu Anne's stand-in and body double. Told by his son that Joy "can't act" and that her "diction's a joke," old Drogue replies, "If you throw away that face . . . a face like that, a body like that—you have no business in the industry."

THE MOST vicious character on the set, however, is an outsider named Dongan Lowndes, another (if temporarily recovered) alcoholic. The author of one much-admired novel of eight years earlier, he has "turned to nonfiction writing for quality magazines" such as *New York Arts*, which has sent him to cover the making of *The Awakening*. Lowndes is instantly identifiable as the biggest rat in the Hollywood woodpile—"an unhappy writer" out to punish the others in print for his own literary disappointments. Walker, wise to the game, need only meet Lowndes to imagine the lead of his *New York Arts* story: "coke and the movies, sordidness and blackmail, hurray for Hollywood, movies as metaphor, crazy California, decline of the West, *ad astra ad nauseam*! . . ."

Stone is far too smart and gifted a writer to make the mistake of drawing *Children of Light* along the clichéd lines



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ascribed to Lowndes. But the coke lines in this book (at least one of them, inevitably, snorted up a $100 bill) become tiresome in a way that the mood-altering substances (from alcohol to heroin) used to create the anomic fog of past Stone novels did not. Walker's endless pursuit and intake of cocaine is presented as a sad form of self-destruction, but it plays as a tedious form of self-indulgence. Lu Anne's bad pharmaceutical trips—she substitutes booze and coke for her prescribed medication—are no more compelling. While this heroine is caught on the same fault line between Catholicism and Gnosticism as past Stone characters, who can care about her stoned-out mystical catharses? Although Lu Anne claims that an absence of coke "takes the edge off baptism, renewal and rebirth," the reader feels the reverse.

LU ANNE and, to a lesser extent, Walker are incompletely realized. When Stone attempts to describe their respective relationships to their estranged spouses and children, the writing goes flat and vague. Lu Anne's mental illness is hokily rationalized by a few crude childhood flashbacks and nearly *Exorcist*-esque visualizations of the graveyard demons (known as the "Long Friends") who populate her hallucinatory fits. Like the novel's narrative and thematic concerns, the characters are too often propelled by self-conscious literary motifs. It's as if Stone is emulating the smug Lowndes, rising to the bait of attempting to play intellectual one-upmanship with the pretentious Hollywood vulgarians. (In that game, the unmoneyed civilian loses even if he wins.)

Thus, Lu Anne, herself a Louisianan, is presented all too schematically in the context of the Chopin heroine she plays, Edna Pontellier. Walker, we're told at the outset, has recently starred in a Seattle production of *King Lear*—a rather inexplicable feat, given his condition—and sure enough, an ominous "line of storm cloud" makes periodic appearances as we wait for Stone to provide his own variation of Lear and the Fool on the heath. *As You Like It* (in which Lu Anne played a memorable Rosalind at Yale) also is plundered, as is *Antony and Cleopatra*. The light and mirror imagery—*Children of Light* takes its title from the same Robert Lowell poem that yielded the title of *A Hall of Mirrors*—is archly employed from the very first sentence. And, like all Stone fictions, this one culminates in a sloppy, bloody apocalypse that is less reminiscent of *Lear*, "The Burning of Los Angeles," or *Heart of Darkness* (which provided the epigraph for *Dog Soldiers*) than Hollywood's own answer to Conrad, the final reels of Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. Somehow the holocaust doesn't seem worth it for such climactic insights as Walker's dictum that "living is better than dying. Morally."

Those who treasure Stone's corrosive descriptive powers, his perfect ear for low-life diction, and his appalled view of the American condition will still find many isolated pockets of pleasure to go with this novel's larger disappointments. But even at its best, this book is haunted by Walker's observations about how to write movies. "Your flights of fancy," the screenwriter tells the lapsed novelist Lowndes, "are reduced to technical possibility because on one level you're moving machinery." In *Children of Light* the flights of fancy are very much reduced to technical possibility, and we can hear the machinery being moved. It wouldn't be surprising if Robert Stone's first half-heartedly imagined novel yields his first Hollywood hit.

FRANK RICH

Frank Rich is the drama critic for the *New York Times*.

CRAZY LADIES?

The Female Malady: Women, Madness, and English Culture, 1830-1980 by Elaine Showalter

(Pantheon, 312 pp., $19.95)

Uncovering the sexual politics of British psychiatric history, Elaine Showalter tells an often lurid, sometimes blackly comic, usually surprising story that raises disturbing questions. England has a distinctive association with madness. In the early 18th century, Showalter reports, George Cheyne, a medical doctor, lent official sanction to popular belief by writing a book on insanity called *The English Malady*. Because of their climate (according to many Europeans) or their natural sensitivity (as Cheyne argued) the English were considered especially susceptible to mental disorders. The most vulnerable portion of this vulnerable population allegedly consisted of women, whose physical and psychic makeup presumably increased the likelihood of their descending into madness. From Ophelia to Sir Walter Scott's Lucy of Lammermoor (who murdered her bridegroom on their wedding night) to Doris Lessing's Lynda Coldridge (in *The Four-Gated City*), literary embodiments of female mania helped to solidify a mythology that both records and elucidates cultural attitudes toward Freud's "Dark Continent" of womanhood.

Showalter sets out to write "both a feminist history of psychiatry and a cultural history of madness as a female malady." A simple but plausible classification scheme allows her to organize a mass of social data into a coherent record of what might somewhat dubiously be called psychiatric progress. She sets this account of changing medical treatment in a context of literary and pictorial renditions of madness over a century and a half. Her story speaks to the well-nigh universal human fascination with those mysterious forms of otherness we have defined as madness; it also sheds light on a persistent pattern of unconscious abuse of women.

The last 150 years of psychiatric history, in Showalter's view, divide into three stages: psychiatric Victorianism, psychiatric Darwinism, and psychiatric modernism. The "Victorian" period in psychiatry (1830-1870) brought a new emphasis on possibilities of curing psychic illness by a kind of pseudo-domestic confinement: asylums aimed to "manage" madness, which was understood to originate in moral defect, by providing moral instruction. More obviously rigid in approach, the practitioners of "Darwinism" (1870-1920) saw lunacy as degeneracy stemming from "organic defect, poor heredity, and an evil envi-

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ronment." They offered stern prescriptions to protect society and to dictate proper behavior; women were their principal targets. The "modernist" phase arrived not immediately with Freud but with the First World War and its thousands of "shell-shocked" soldiers: male hysterics manifesting behavior often perceived as "feminine." Schizophrenia succeeded hysteria as the most frequent form of female disturbance, and the talking treatments sometimes seen as appropriate for soldiers yielded to more strictly medical remedies: psychosurgery, shock therapy, and drugs, all used heavily on women.

SHOWALTER FOCUSES her accounts of the three periods on individual medical practitioners of powerful influence, "*symptoms of the times*," as R. D. Laing described himself. John Conolly, who presided over the superficially benign manifestations of Victorian psychiatry, attempted to make the madhouse a place of harmony. He eliminated the use of physical restraints in favor of moral suasion. Under his governance, such phenomena as the "lunatic's ball," during which inmates danced under the gaze of many spectators, flourished. Only slowly did the coercive aspects of Conolly's methods become apparent, as he himself increasingly revealed his reliance on "paternal authority."

The Victorian ideological setting encouraged paternalism. Women were thought delicate creatures, particularly susceptible at puberty and after childbirth, but always at emotional risk, endangered by biology and by their weak wills and dangerous impulses. Florence Nightingale's *Cassandra*, an account of Victorian women's confinement in "the prison which is called a family," indicates the high cost for women of their social deprivation as a result of society's assumptions about their natures; psychic disturbance, Nightingale suggests, was among those costs. "The rise of the Victorian madwoman," Showalter concludes, "was one of history's self-fulfilling prophecies."

With the advent of "Darwinism," psychiatrists sought to apply strict scientific method to the diagnosis and treatment of insanity. Henry Maudsley, Conolly's son-in-law (who explicitly and rather brutally repudiated his precursor), exemplifies the new way, harsh in its distinctions and fixed in its certainties. Showalter cites many instances of the new scientism, with its stress on physical signs of moral weakness. Certain women, one commentator concluded, "had the unfortunate hereditary combination of delicate skin, thin eyebrows, convex spine, and sharp tongue that made men unable to resist hitting them." Should the reader giggle or shudder? For a Victorian woman, shudders would be appropriate: this extreme example accurately suggests the misuses of allegedly objective research at the end of the 19th century. Meanwhile, "nervous women" proliferated: seeking education or political rights, unaccountably starving themselves, manifesting hysteria. Some doctors recommended enforced rest and milk drinking. (Charlotte Perkins Gilman's famous story "The Yellow Wallpaper" belongs to this period.) Others advocated ridicule, threats, and personal chastisement. Showalter, citing testimony by Virginia Woolf and Alice James as well as Gilman, concludes that "The nervous women of the *fin de siècle* were ravenous for a fuller life than their society offered them, famished for the freedom to act and to make real choices." The repressive tactics of physicians could not silence the voices of a generation of unhappy women.

MALE HYSTERIA became a social problem in the aftermath of the Great War. Officers and enlisted men alike suffered the psychic effects of combat. Psychiatric diagnosis, however, differentiated between them, finding that the hysterical soldier ("simple, emotional, unthinking, passive, suggestible, dependent, and weak") resembled his female counterpart, whereas the more complex officer better conformed to a heroic ideal. (Showalter accounts for the differentiation by suggesting that the enlisted man's actual situation of oppression corresponded to that of women.) Diverse methods of treatment developed. Dr. Lewis Yealland epitomized the punitive approach. *The Female Malady* provides a detailed and horrifying account of his procedures. Superficially far more benevolent was Dr. W.H.R. Rivers, who treated Siegfried Sassoon. Showalter demonstrates that he too "reprogrammed" his patients, using less obviously sinister methods.

The final section of this study dwells on the 20th-century situation of the female schizophrenic, whom Showalter sees as the symbolic figure of her age. R. D. Laing—whose career, personality, and ideology Showalter presents in considerable detail—emerges as the repre-

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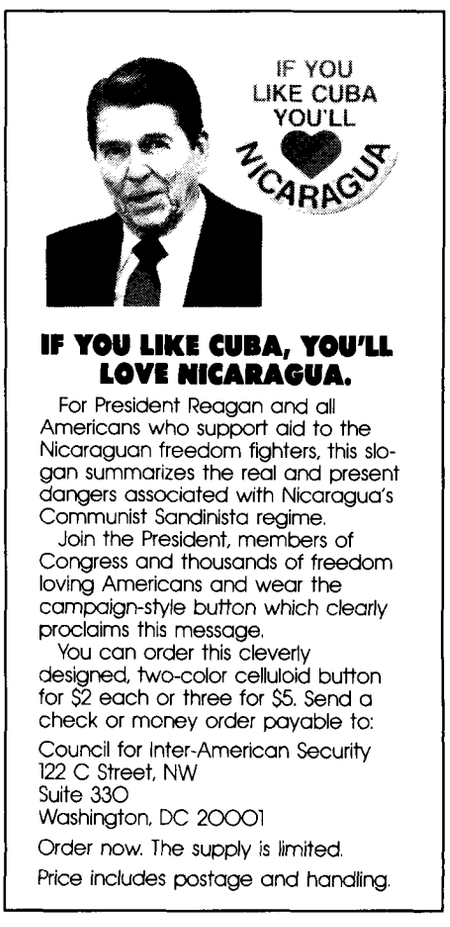
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sentative of a mid-20th-century therapy that proclaimed itself concerned with the dignity and rights of its recipients. Laing seems a benign successor to those who treated female mania with electric shocks, insulin shock, and lobotomies, but Showalter demonstrates the persistence in his language and his proceedings of a powerful "male mythology," potentially damaging to female psyches. Not until women speak for themselves, she believes, will psychiatric therapies truly answer women's needs. The vagueness of this formulation belongs to Showalter herself. She does not define the form women's "speaking" might take, although she alludes to new feminist theories based on the mother-daughter relationship. The book ends by insisting that

> the best hope for the future is the feminist therapy movement. . . . Until women break them for themselves, the chains that connect madness with the feminine, like Blake's "mind-forg'd manacles," will simply forge themselves anew.

This work lives most vividly in its specific detail; not even elaborate summary can convey the energy of its accumulated descriptive evidence. A full sense of Laing's "male mythology" requires his actual "metaphors of heroic adventure and conquest," his actual routine of presiding "sacerdotally" over dinner and dancing at his therapeutic community, Kingsley Hall. Showalter tells us exactly how women protesters were force-fed (and provides a photograph), how much weight women gained from insulin treatments, what biological results Victorian conservatives anticipated as a consequence of female demands for higher education. She writes with the authority of both conviction and knowledge. Her study profits by its multiplicity of data and by its singleness of thesis: the same message, about the endless, protean, inescapable social oppression of women, repeatedly and ingeniously hammered home.

Yet, like many single-minded works, it perhaps raises more questions than it answers. The monolithic thesis of persecution does not adequately account for the data. To say that "schizophrenic symptoms of passivity, depersonalization, disembodiment, and fragmentation have parallels in the social situation of women" in fact says little: one might observe with equal cogency that these symptoms have parallels in the social situation of factory workers. To observe that "the schizophrenic woman has become as central a cultural figure for the twentieth century as the hysteric was for the nineteenth" blurs together phenomena of very different sorts. If, as Showalter goes on to say, "psychotic women [in the 20th century] . . . speak for a revolutionary potential repressed in the society at large," the female psychotic as symbol might be seen as empowering for women instead of as one more vague emblem of appropriation and mistreatment.

To conclude that the feminist therapy movement offers hope for solving the problems of female madness is to ignore both physiological components and the possibility of causality relatively unrelated to a woman's social situation. The etiologies of madness that Showalter provides are simplistic in the extreme—less shocking to modern sensibilities than the Victorian physician's diagnosis of insanity for a woman who wished to leave her husband, but equally blinkered. Women go mad, this writer believes, because society leaves them so little room. But surely one must acknowledge other—*many* other—possibilities.

One of the most striking of the many remarkable photographs Showalter prints depicts a Victorian woman from the West Riding Asylum whom the medical director (also, in this instance, the photographer) characterizes as suffering from "Intense Vanity." Bedecked with flowers, ruffles, and a locket, she gazes fiercely at a point above the lens, her mouth compressed into a grimace of what looks like desperate rage. Showalter comments on her inappropriate garb, but not on the ferocity of her expression, which makes the frivolity of her costume and curls seem a futile attempt to disguise impermissibly violent feeling. The complex implications of her appearance suggest a range of interpretations unsanctioned and unacknowledged by the text; and the same may be said about others among the photographs. At least Showalter makes her readers aware of a politics of interpretation—and hence, perhaps inevitably, of the interpretive limitations of her own political commitment.

PATRICIA MEYER SPACKS

Patricia Meyer Spacks is the author most recently of *Gossip* (Knopf).

THE WOLVES OF WALL STREET

Greed and Glory on Wall Street: The Fall of the House of Lehman by Ken Auletta

(Random House, 253 pp., $19.95)

Americans are more familiar with what goes on in Moldavia than on Wall Street. For all of its purported allure, Wall Street inspires a surprising paucity of popular nonfiction and fiction—nothing on the order of Hollywood or high society. That's no surprise; the financial and legal intricacies of much Wall Street activity would make most readers' eyes glaze over. But Ken Auletta has managed to transform the recent acquisition of an investment bank by a financial conglomerate into a compelling melodrama. What's more, he doesn't rely on colorful New Journalism techniques such as imagined conversations and interior monologues. Instead, he bases his reconstructions on transcripts of interviews he conducted with members of the Lehman Brothers board, corporate financiers and traders, all notoriously tight-lipped folks. Auletta is so scrupulous that he's reported (in footnotes) conflicting assertions made to him.

The story Auletta tells begins in 1983, but the chronicle of the House of Lehman begins in 1850 in Alabama, which is where Henry, Emanuel, and Mayer Lehman established a partnership to trade in cotton. For three brothers leaving Bavaria, Alabama may have seemed a much less likely destination than New York, but the firm prospered.

After the Civil War the partnership moved to Manhattan, guided the founding of the New York Cotton Exchange, and expanded into trading other commodities. The Lehmans, along with Mar-

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cus Goldman, Jacob Schiff, and a number of other German-Jewish immigrants, began providing investment banking services to the new and nontraditional enterprises in which the old-line investment banking concerns weren't interested. These were the families—Lehman, Goldman, Schiff, Seligman, Loeb, Warburg, Sachs—who, as Stephen Birmingham portrayed them in *Our Crowd*, were not accepted by America's non-Jewish aristocracy and who in turn did not accept less refined and less moneyed East European Jewish immigrants into their second-generation circles.

At Lehman a second generation took over in the 1880s and moved the firm away from trading and more heavily into capital-raising; Emanuel's son Philip was to guide the firm for most of his 65 years there. Although nonfamily members were made partners as time went on, Lehmans still headed the firm: Philip's son, Bobbie, led the firm for more than 40 years, from the late 1920s until the late 1960s. Bobbie moved the partnership's headquarters to its own building, pushed the firm further into investment banking services after the Glass-Steagall Act divided commercial and investment banking, and drove the firm into the top bracket of investment banks.

After Bobbie's death in 1969, which coincided with the collapse of the bond market, Lehman Brothers began a chaotic period. Incompetent and divisive managers were placed in charge. Many partners cashed in and left. The firm was losing money. Enter Peter G. Peterson, who, two months after joining the firm in 1973, was asked to run it. One of his first acts was to quell the voices calling for the ouster of a longtime Lehman partner whose department was responsible for much of the firm's current loss, Lewis L. Glucksman.

AULETTA'S BOOK tells the story of the subsequent ten-year conflict between these two men. Peterson, summa cum laude graduate of Northwestern University, president of Bell & Howell at the age of 34, and secretary of commerce in the Nixon administration, was a paramount establishment-connected corporate financier. He had polish and he had important friends, and he was ambassadorial at work. Glucksman, on the other hand, was a trader, a gruff and feverish achiever, the son of middle-class Hungarian Jews who resented not only Peterson and his name-dropping kind but also "Our Crowd" Jews like the Lehmans. With keen dramatic sense, Auletta portrays the two as neat personifications of several underlying polar tensions: between investment bankers from such landed stock as J. P. Morgan and the Brown Brothers and those descended from upstart German Jews; between loyalty to long-standing clients and aggressive deal-making; between those who work on the trading floor and those who work in the corporate finance department.

DURING THE ten years both men were at Lehman, they never socialized together, and business tensions were evident. Glucksman resented Peterson's getting sole billing in 1975 for having turned the firm around. Glucksman opposed the acquisition of Kuhn Loeb in 1977, an acquisition Peterson instigated. In an industry driven by financial reward, trading partners received a disproportionately small share of partnership profits, and Glucksman pressed Peterson to lower the shares given corporate finance partners. When a cost-cutting committee identified ten million wasted dollars, Peterson buried the report so as not to rile Glucksman, who thought such pencil-counting diversionary. When Glucksman, after Peterson had elevated him to co-CEO status, violated their agreement by acting unilaterally on matters that should have been discussed, Peterson turned the other cheek. After all, co-CEO leadership was common on Wall Street, even if it was an indication of the profound differences between traders and corporate financiers. But what Peterson thought diplomatic usually struck Glucksman as noblesse oblige. Finally, after a client lunch in July 1983 at which Peterson's long-windedness overcame him, Glucksman confronted his partner back at the office and told him that he wanted to run Lehman by himself. And he gave Peterson a deadline of September 30.

Once the gauntlet had been flung, a rift was inevitable. Peterson knew that taking the fight to the board would rend the firm; that if Glucksman lost he would leave and the onus of rebuilding Lehman would once again fall on Peterson's shoulders. Peterson, whom many suspected had intended to peddle the firm within the next few years anyway to pad his retirement, didn't have the heart for a bitter contest. Glucksman had sensed that. The very first interloper, George Ball, couldn't get Glucksman even to consider a transition period. One of the two had to go. Within days, terms of a financial settlement for Peterson were being suggested. Soon his sole interest became getting as much money as he could. What he got was permission to withdraw immediately almost all of his seven million dollars in equity; a bonus equal to Glucksman's at the end of the fiscal year; one percent of the firm's profits for the next five-and-a-half years; $300,000 annually for the next five-and-a-half years as "supplemental retirement benefits"; a five-million-dollar investment by Lehman in Peterson's new venture-capital firm; and the same premium for his shares paid to other shareholders if Lehman were sold in the next few years. The 70-odd partners grumbled about the size of the settlement and about Peterson's decision to leave, made without their consultation.

Re-slicing the bonus pie was a controversial task that was left to Glucksman. With thoughtless vengeance, he and four others took 25 percent for themselves. Six unhappy partners left, taking capital and clients with them. That diminishment coupled with a bear market made the firm vulnerable. Partners worried about the decreasing value of their shares; the Lehman penchant for thinking about one's own welfare became a guiding principle. Offers to acquire the firm suddenly became music to the partners' ears, but Glucksman was reluctant to bring such proposals to the board. Peterson, from the outside, leaned on Glucksman hard to fulfill his fiduciary duties. Some even say that Peterson, who stood to gain not only money if Lehman were sold but also a certain amount of revenge, was trying to stir up acquisition interest. Before long Glucksman was forced to begin negotiations with one of the serious suitors, American Express. When the sale of the firm became imminent, the partners started grabbing for money. A 133-year-old partnership dissolved soon after.

THE FALL OF Lehman as Auletta describes it is entertaining, and for many it will be revealing. Auletta is masterful at weaving together scenes of boardroom chaos and closed-door negotiations. Indeed this seems to be a paragon of the people-centered inside story of a glitzy public event. Within a larger frame of reference, however, the story as told here is not a wholly satisfying one. I'm not criticizing Auletta so much as complaining about this behind-the-scenes genre of story-telling. Books like this are rarely informational. Here, for

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example, there's a surprisingly stingy amount of explanation of the actual business of investment banking.

Nor is there much effort to fill in the broader context of acquisitions in the financial institution field. Although Auletta acknowledges in his concluding remarks that larger forces were at work on Wall Street, his book inevitably leaves the impression that the real story of the sale of Lehman lies in the conflict between Peterson and Lehman. But the evidence that their rivalry played no more than a catalyzing role in the sale is overwhelming. In the last few years, almost every noteworthy investment bank has been acquired, taken over, merged, closed, or otherwise substantially recapitalized: Bache Halsey Stuart was acquired by Prudential Insurance; Phibro Corporation purchased Salomon Brothers; Sears Roebuck bought Dean Witter Reynolds; and the list goes on. To understand the forces at work on Wall Street one would have to know something about what Auletta tries to explain in two pages: why investment banks need more capital.

These behind-the-scenes books also tend to rely on the obvious human vices to explain what motivates the characters. For instance, the theme of greed here is too easy, almost reflexive. Greed, after all, wasn't at the heart of Glucksman's torment; nor what moved Peterson in the first instance; nor what motivated the partners before the handwriting was on the wall. It's tempting but too simple to smear the whole affair with the vice that marked its final days, when the partners cashed in and the golden parachute blossomed for Peterson.

Investment bankers have been alternately admired (during World War I, for example) and disparaged (during the Gray-Pecora probe in the early 1930s). Now they seem to be coming in for mild disparagement, based almost entirely upon articles decrying the huge fees that mergers and acquisitions specialists charge for their services. Auletta's case study is a well-researched contribution to the none-too-flattering trend. But it's hardly an ominous trend for the business, as any lawyer could tell them. The legal profession, after all, has been maligned since Shakespeare's day.

MARC GRANETZ

Marc Granetz, a third-year law student, will join an investment bank in the fall.

PURITANS AND PRAGMATISTS

Churchmen and Philosophers: From Jonathan Edwards to John Dewey by Bruce Kuklick

(Yale University Press, 352 pp., $27.50)

Older generations of THE NEW REPUBLIC's readers would have found this book odd if not ominous. Most likely they would have dismissed it as a perverse attempt to rehabilitate what modern liberalism had set out to repudiate—America's Puritan heritage. The historian Charles A. Beard, writing in this magazine in 1920 in response to the anti-Puritan diatribes of Van Wyck Brooks, H. L. Mencken, and others, offered a list of what Puritanism had come to mean to the contemporary intellectual:

Godliness	Philistinism
Thrift	Harsh restraint
Liberty	Beauty-hating
Democracy	Sour-faced fanaticism
Culture	Supreme hypocrisy
Industry	Canting
Frugality	Demonology
Temperance	Enmity to true art
Resistance to tyranny	Intellectual tyranny
Pluck	Brutal intolerance
Principle	Grape juice
A free church	Grisly sermons
A free state	Religious persecution
Equal rights	Sullenness
A holy Sabbath	Ill-temper
Liberty under law	Stinginess
Individual freedom	Bigotry
Self-government	Conceit
The gracious spirit of Christianity	Bombast

Although Beard himself was sympathetic to the Puritans, his fellow Progressive historian Vernon L. Parrington continued the anti-Puritan animus in *Main Currents in American Thought*. Here readers learned that Jefferson's benign optimism triumphed over the crabbed Hebraic theology of New England Calvinism, a mentality that allegedly cursed America's founding with the terrors of damnation and predestination. The Parringtonian perspective, which came almost to dominate interpretations of American history and literature, as Lionel Trilling later complained in *The Liberal Imagination*, viewed Puritanism and liberalism as antithetical and claimed that the philosophy of pragmatism had its roots in Darwinism, the rise of modern science, and the social problems of industrial America.

BRUCE KUKLICK, professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania, has effectively challenged this conventional viewpoint in *Churchmen and Philosophers*. He sees more continuity than change in three centuries of American intellectual history, from the erudite theological discourses of Jonathan Edwards to the dense philosophical writings of John Dewey. As though that thesis is not daring enough, Kuklick goes further, at least by implication, and raises once again the prospect that the main currents in American thought are found to run deepest in the New England mind. That prospect had been challenged by the Greenwich Village generation and post-World War I generations of liberals and radicals, many of whom remained convinced that the dogmas of religion would yield to the discipline of science.

Then, in the late thirties and forties, something happened to the life of the mind in America. It took two seemingly incompatible turns that perhaps had more to do with ethnicity than philosophy. At Harvard the historians Perry Miller and Samuel Eliot Morison wrote several splendid books in an attempt to restore the intellectual respectability of 17th-century Puritanism. At *Partisan Review*, in contrast, powerful essays were written not only to prove the compatibility of Marxism and modernism but also to demonstrate the irrelevance of an American past that failed to fuse its "Redskin" primitive instincts with its "Paleface" Puritan conscience, to use Philip Rahv's terms. (In his memoirs Irving Howe wondered why he never once heard mentioned among "the New York Intellectuals" the name of Perry Miller.) Ironically, Miller, perhaps America's greatest intellectual historian, was trying to demonstrate the compatibility of Puritanism and modernism by suggesting

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parallels between Edwards and Søren Kierkegaard. And there was another man who bridged the apparent gap: John Dewey, who could successfully function as both the "Redskin" and the "Paleface." More than any other American thinker, Dewey managed to do what Rahv and others assumed impossible: to combine the primacy of raw experience with the principle of reflective intelligence, to be both pioneer and Puritan.

Professor Kuklick's important book was not, of course, conceived with the intellectual crosscurrents of *Partisan Review* and THE NEW REPUBLIC in mind. His quarrel is with a previous school of historiography that saw a sharp break between the rise of modern pragmatism and the decline of Protestant moralism. On the contrary, Kuklick argues, Dewey succeeded in incorporating traditional religious values into a scientific conception of man and nature, a naturalistic synthesis that enabled modern philosophy to carry on the ethical obligations of Puritanism by other means.

TO JOIN THE secular and spiritual, Dewey drew upon theoretical issues in what Kuklick calls the "Congregational philosophy of religion," a protean body of doctrine that had been brilliantly articulated in Edwards's 18th-century covenant theology. Against the encroachments of Arminian liberalism, which emphasized human reason, free will, and a benevolent Deity, Edwards waged a rearguard defense of Calvinism's essential principles: man's utter depravity and inability to influence salvation through good works; the election of a few by a transforming grace that cannot be resisted; the uncertainty of the state of one's soul, even for the elect, hence the perseverance of the saints; and within this drama of redemption and damnation, the inscrutability of God's nature.

But Edwards's followers, the "New Divinity" theologians of the early 19th century, felt compelled to explain the ways of God to man. How could God's sovereignty be reconciled with man's responsibility? If God denied free will to humanity, was not God himself the author of sin? Kuklick deftly explores the ramifications of such questions. He also shows how the New Divinity scholars tried to sustain the tensions of Calvinism against both the older Calvinists who lost interest in doctrinal issues and the rising currents of Jacksonian democracy that were transforming Edwards's idea of virtue as an aesthetic ideal into a crass utilitarian ethic.

As to its competitors, Calvinism had no trouble with the Scottish commonsense philosophy prevalent in the early 19th century at Princeton, which shared Edwards's mind-body dualism. But it proved less successful in contending with an emergent Unitarianism and its demands that Christianity be made rationally credible. Even more threatening was Transcendentalism, which inverted religion into a poetics of nature and God into a "Universal Being" encompassing all things. It remained for the novelists Hawthorne and Melville to struggle with the metaphysical riddles and ironies of Calvinism. Only indirectly, through the language of metaphor and symbol, could Americans be taught the paradoxes of sin and virtue.

After the Civil War theology yielded its primary position to philosophy in academic institutions, and in turn American philosophy now drew upon German rather than English or Scottish thought. Kuklick shows how Kantian idealism enabled American thinkers to overcome Hume's empirical skepticism. More alluring was the cosmic ontology of Hegel, which found an outlet in William T. Harris's *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. The American Hegelians rejected the liberal, contractual idea of government as a system of checks and balances and the squalid spectacle of interest politics. They also hailed the late Lincoln, but not as a Lockean who championed the cause of labor or as a Calvinist who feared the wrath of God. To the Hegelians, Lincoln loomed as the one leader who would preserve the Union at all costs and weld together law and morality to establish an "ethical state." In denying the dualism of nature and spirit, Hegelianism also helped American thinkers resist some of the materialistic and deterministic implications of Darwinism. Philosophers who assimilated both Hegel and Darwin were thus free to speculate on the processes of nature and to conceive of a new organic vision of the individual and his relations to others, a progressive vision that emphasized growth, development, and self-realization.

Did Darwinism and Hegelianism, then, bury once and for all America's Calvinist heritage? Kuklick argues, in his most provocative and controversial chapters, that Calvinism survived in the writings of John Dewey. This interpretation would have astounded Randolph

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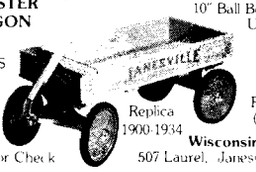

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Bourne, Max Eastman, and other Greenwich Village rebels. Although aware of Dewey's religious background, they had esteemed Dewey as a secularist who was bringing forth a new scientific philosophy that promised to extirpate old-fashioned religious morality. But Kuklick marshals impressive evidence to make a case for Dewey as both pragmatist and Puritan.

Dewey grew up in the devout atmosphere of the First Congregational Church of Burlington, Vermont, where he would also teach Sunday school. He later underwent something of a spiritual crisis, a brief "mystic experience," prompted in part by the problem of God's existence, and he went on to write early articles in the *Andover Review* and other theological journals, refuting materialism and affirming the compatibility of religion and evolution. In so doing Dewey managed to naturalize religion by denying the dichotomy between God and nature and the supernatural and the natural. He also regarded his philosophy of instrumentalism as "a new name for some old ways of thinking," strongly implying, with William James, that pragmatism had roots in native American traditions. Kuklick goes so far as to suggest that much of Dewey's philosophy was "congruent with the vision of Jonathan Edwards. . . . Both saw that salvation was contingent on relegating the self to its appropriate place in the scheme of things."

Finally, in 1934, Dewey published what Kuklick regards as the culminating document, *A Common Faith*. Here Dewey attempted to show that supernatural principles could now be grasped in and through nature's own processes. Unlike many other modernist thinkers convinced that science would undermine religion by demystifying its illusions, Dewey assumed spiritual qualities would survive because they were inherent in human experience. Dewey's aim was to contrast and render distinct religious values from religious doctrine in order to uphold the former against what Walter Lippmann would call "the acids of modernity."

One welcomes an exciting new interpretation of pragmatism by a learned intellectual historian whose previous book, *The Rise of American Philosophy*, established Kuklick as an authority in the field. But one wonders whether Dewey was as preoccupied with religion as Kuklick insists. After his one "mystic experience" with the awful unknowns of God, for example, Dewey felt himself liberated from religious tension, exclaiming "I've never had any doubts since then, nor any beliefs." Moreover, the contrasts between Edwards and Dewey are more compelling than the comparisons. Edwards valued grace as the sudden, involuntary infusion that transforms the heart. Dewey valued growth as the slow, willful acquisition of knowledge and habits that inform the mind. Edwards felt nature as a harmonious, ecstatic rapture. Dewey the Darwinist saw it as essentially unstable and discordant. Edwards asked us to ponder with him the nature of true virtue. Dewey claimed we can only experience the good, not contemplate it. Edwards espoused prayer, meditation, and spiritual conviction. Dewey prized conversation, action, and social control. New England Calvinism aspired to salvation. American pragmatism settled for adaptation.

There also remains the problem of Dewey's heroic effort to separate religious values from religious truth. Although Dewey may have wanted to preserve such values from the assaults of modernism, we are not sure what values he had in mind. Clearly Dewey did not see in Calvinism the redeeming qualities perceived by Hawthorne, Melville, and Lincoln: sin, guilt, innocence, sacrifice, alienation, tragedy, moral ambiguity, metaphysical doubt, and the opacity of experience. One recalls Ernest Gellner's quip about the young man who tried hard to become a philosopher, only to sense that his own "cheerfulness" kept getting in the way. "He found a way out. He became a pragmatist. Thereafter he was both a philosopher *and* cheerful." It was, after all, not the Protestant Dewey but the Jewish-born Sidney Hook who would attempt to give American philosophy a touch of existential depth, and it was Dewey's most severe critic, Reinhold Niebuhr, who attempted to render Calvinism's conviction of human corruptibility relevant to modern politics.

Dewey may have succeeded in naturalizing religion by locating all value in nature and experience. But with Dewey American philosophy and social science would never again be guided by Calvinism's darker wisdom. In the sociology of George Herbert Mead, for example, all sense of sin and personal responsibility gives way to the amoral vocabulary of interaction, adjustment, and conformity. In modern thought the old Calvinist themes of freedom and fate, knowledge of the self, the problem of pain, fear of failure, and the specter of sterility, hypocrisy, complacency, and mendacity would come to haunt the novelist, poet, and playwright. It was not the pragmatist but W. H. Auden who reconciled himself to the inevitability of guilt. T. S. Eliot may well have had Dewey in mind when, in the spirit of Edwards and Emerson, he wrote of knowledge and action without purpose and meaning:

> The endless cycle of idea and action,
> Endless invention, endless experiment,
> Brings knowledge of motion, but not of stillness;
> Knowledge of speech, but not of silence;
> Knowledge of words, but ignorance of the Word.

The problematic relationship of Dewey to Edwards aside, *Churchmen and Philosophers* is a first-rate piece of historical scholarship. Kuklick has a gift for spotting nuance and complexity in philosophical discourse. He writes lucidly and succinctly on weighty and technical topics, and he has a masterful command of the literature. Kuklick also makes us aware of the importance of philosophical and theological ideas in American history. Three decades ago, when ex-radical scholars worried that America might become infested with "ideology," some wrote books claiming that the Enlightenment was a "myth," that the American mind always

ALICE

For an Oxford don, doomed during term to sit
night after night at the high table,
the pardon of a little girl afloat
on an unstygian Thames. No Sibyl
gloomed or ranted at the rabbithole
she entered by—a time-obsessed fussbudget
of a rabbit her Virgil—into the hell
her elders were so grandly glum about.

Persephone and Beatrice among the shades,
she showed the monstrous region underground
for what he'd always thought it was:
the screeching shams, the burbled pieties,
the flummoxes and trapdoors of the mind:
all Oxford flattened to a pack of cards.

AMY CLAMPITT

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kept its cool prudence by focusing solely on practical matters, and that the "genius" of the American people is their ability to get along without ideas. *Churchmen and Philosophers* demonstrates how important some Americans believed it to be to live by and for thought itself. Without ideas, Dewey observed, "the flickering candles of consciousness would go out."

JOHN PATRICK DIGGINS

John Patrick Diggins is a professor of history at the University of California, Irvine. His most recent book is *The Lost Soul of American Politics: Virtue, Self-Interest, and the Foundations of Liberalism* (Basic Books).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

History" (March 10). Those who were unhappy or did disapprove were in my opinion absolutely right: it's a bad title and conveys all kinds of wrong connotations. I should like your indulgence, therefore, to tell your readership that this was not my title; that I learned about it only the day before publication and protested against it; but it was too late by then to change.

I only wish that I had been consulted in this matter. I could have supplied something equally brief and almost as alliterative: "Tristes Tropiques."

DAVID S. LANDES
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

SINATRA-SPEAK

To the editors:

I've seen conservatives blamed for just about everything in the pages of TNR, but Frank Sinatra's language ("When Old Blue Eyes Was 'Red'" by Jon Wiener, March 31)? Please.

Send Mr. Wiener back to Strawberry Fields and subject us no more to his written drivel.

GEORGE SHADROUI
Norfolk, Virginia

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

TRB, *from page 6*

form can deny that lobbying also works.

The Ethics in Government Act is the product of a distant time—the late 1970s—of what is now perceived as naive moralism in many aspects of government policy. It forbids government officials from seeking to influence their "former department or agency" on behalf of private clients for a year after leaving office, and permanently forbids lobbying on issues where an official "participated personally and substantially" while in government. The original law, passed in 1978, contained a two-year ban on "assisting" in lobbying on matters you'd once been involved with. In 1979, with the high tide of moralism already receding, this was amended to read assisting "by personal presence." In other words, it's perfectly O.K. to mastermind a lobbying campaign against your own former agency, on an issue you yourself were involved in, as long as you yourself don't "pick up the phone."

In every other way, the ethics law is toothless. Deaver's visit to Budget Director Miller didn't violate the rules because the Budget Office isn't considered the same "agency" as the White House. In another controversial episode, Deaver helped to weaken Reagan's resistance to regulations against acid rain, an issue of great concern to the Canadians, then signed up the Canadian Embassy as a client soon after leaving office. The GAO is now investigating whether Deaver's involvement with acid rain was "substantial." The Canadians, justifying Deaver's fee, say they hired him because he was "familiar with the issues." Deaver, denying misbehavior, says, "I don't think to this day I can tell you what acid rain is."

I believe Deaver. The problem with the jesuitical distinctions in the ethics law is not merely that they're easy to get around, but that they fundamentally miss the point. Deaver was Reagan's chief imageer. He probably knows nothing about any serious issue of government. That doesn't make him any less valuable to private clients. Who cares whether Deaver worked on a particular issue before, or whether the White House is or is not the same "agency" as the Office of Management and Budget? The people who are paying him don't care.

Deaver's brazen excess seems to have cracked the carapace of indifference that has protected influence-peddling during the Reagan years. Fellow practitioners are worried that Deaver is ruining it for everyone. Suzanne Garment of the *Wall Street Journal* urges lobbyists to "behave with decent self-restraint," which is like telling prostitutes to freshen up their makeup. There is talk of toughening the ethics act.

That would be nice, but no law can ever really control the buying and selling of influence. A renewal of the stigma that once was attached to influence-peddling might also help to slow it down and make it more furtive. Our best hope, though, is that image-sensitive clients will decide that hiring these people is counterproductive. This concern should be encouraged. Be forewarned, you corporations and foreign governments looking for Washington "access": from now on, hiring Mike Deaver will be taken as a sign that you might be up to something naughty.

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WEST BANK DIARIST

The WASP

"THERE IS A lesson in the Talmud about what to do when two people find a handkerchief and they both claim it is theirs," an Israeli journalist explains on my last day in Israel. "The Talmud says they each get half of the handkerchief. But if one of them says that the handkerchief is all his and the other says that it is only half his, then the Talmud says the first guy gets three-quarters and the other guy gets one-quarter." We are sipping coffee on the balcony of the Israeli government headquarters, waiting for the civilian administrator of this part of the West Bank to finish an early-morning meeting. The ugly low concrete building was once the headquarters of the colonial police when the land of Israel was a British handkerchief. My friend raises one finger, taking mordant delight in the moral of the story: "To get half of what you want, you have to ask for the whole thing."

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to various Israeli government flacks, this was the pithiest explanation of Israel's political predicament I received during my first visit to Israel. (I was with 25 American journalists on a junket sponsored by the American Zionist Federation.) If the Israelis don't claim all of the West Bank, the territory captured from the Arabs in the 1967 war, they risk losing the other two-thirds of their country. Indeed, many Israelis call the territory Judea and Samaria on the theory that if you think the handkerchief is yours, you should have your own name for it.

THE CIVILIAN administrator, dressed in military fatigues (he is a general in the Israeli army), emerges from his meeting. He takes us on his rounds of the Arab municipalities near Bethlehem. At the meetings the mayors read in English or Arabic a list of requests and complaints: about fixing the roof of a school or buying a garbage truck or building a pedestrian ramp over a dangerous intersection. They always close with a plea for the release of youths jailed for "terrorist activities" and reunification of families with kin in neighboring Arab countries. The Israelis listen carefully, even to the dullest details. They prod the mayors to collect their taxes more effectively and promise to go *noss ala al-noss* (Arabic for fifty-fifty) on the cost of the garbage trucks. Jokes are traded, the ritual fruit and cookies passed around, cigarettes smoked, Turkish coffee served. On to the next municipality. This mundane process is what much of the arguing and fighting and killing in the Middle East is ostensibly about: that somebody else, not this unelected Israeli, should have the final say on when to buy a garbage truck. The mayor of the city of Nablus, a popular Palestinian leader whom the Israelis appointed, was assassinated several weeks before our visit because he was becoming too complicit with the Israelis. But up close the machinery works smoothly. We arrive early at one meeting and hear a City Council member unsuccessfully urging the mayor to boycott the meeting with the Israelis. The mayor is a Palestinian moderate (which means moderate compared to the PLO, but recalcitrant compared to the more submissive Arab mayors), but he goes ahead with the meeting. Afterward, when the blueprints for a new commercial center are folded up, a grim-looking councilman delivers a letter to the civil administrator from his son, jailed for the last two years for "terrorist activities." The mayor pleads for leniency. At another meeting the mayor gives the list of jailed youths and asks for a little *noss ala al-noss.* The Israeli administrator reports that three of the five prisoners will be released soon. The mayor is pleased. "Three out of five," he jokes. "That's better than *noss ala al-noss.*" The general cautions there is no *noss ala al-noss* on this issue.

"I DON'T WANT to talk big words, big sentences, idealism because the children can't eat that," a settler named Pierre Hemmel tells us in a heavy French accent at his moshav, or farming co-op, just a few kilometers from the Jordan River. "I don't speak about Eretz Israel, or our rights on the West Bank. The Arabs are not happy, I know. I don't care. We need all these lands to defend the country. That's all." He looks Irish: short, stocky, and sunburned, with a thick red beard. A university student during the 1968 upheavals in Paris, a veteran of the Jardin Luxembourg and the de rigueur Greyhound tour of the United States, he emigrated to Israel in 1970. Now he drives a John Deere tractor and raises three daughters in the shadows of the biblical hills. As he speaks, a young right-wing freelance writer in our group nods enthusiastically. "Yes . . . yes . . . yes." She is a Reaganite flower child—the daughter of a wealthy family, eager to usher in the right-wing New Age. Pierre, she will say later, was the highlight of her visit. Someone asks about a nearby Arab village. "We have neighborly relations with them, yes," Pierre says. "But I don't want to say we are brothers like the hippies in San Franzees-co. They don't love us. They know that we are strong, and they are weak. That is the way it is in the Middle East. If Jews are weak, we are killed. Our place here is not under discussion." On the bus back to Tel Aviv, our government guide hastens to "clarify" that "what Pierre said was not racist," which strikes me as curious because until then it hadn't occurred to me that it was.

PIERRE HAD the logic of power, if not of justice, on his side. With no Talmudic authority to settle the conflicting claims to the West Bank made by him and his Arab neighbors, what recourse does he have other than force? Still, I could understand why our guides felt squeamish. Generous and good-hearted American journalists visiting the Middle East for the first time might well gag on Pierre's harsh demands. Such views have certainly embittered many Israelis. I had white wine at the Jerusalem apartment of a soft-spoken former government official who long ago quit his job in opposition to the occupation of the West Bank. Playing with his young son, he denounced what he calls Israel's new "Goliath complex." But he admitted there was no obvious alternative. Israelis on the left find themselves on the defensive, their agenda set by the more confident, more radical right-wing opposition. Still, he insisted, his children would pay the price for the belief that "Jews strong, Arabs weak" was a lasting or just solution. He said he would never settle on the West Bank. "Tell your friends in the States I am now a WASP," he joked ruefully: "White Ashkenazi Supporting Palestinians."

J.M.

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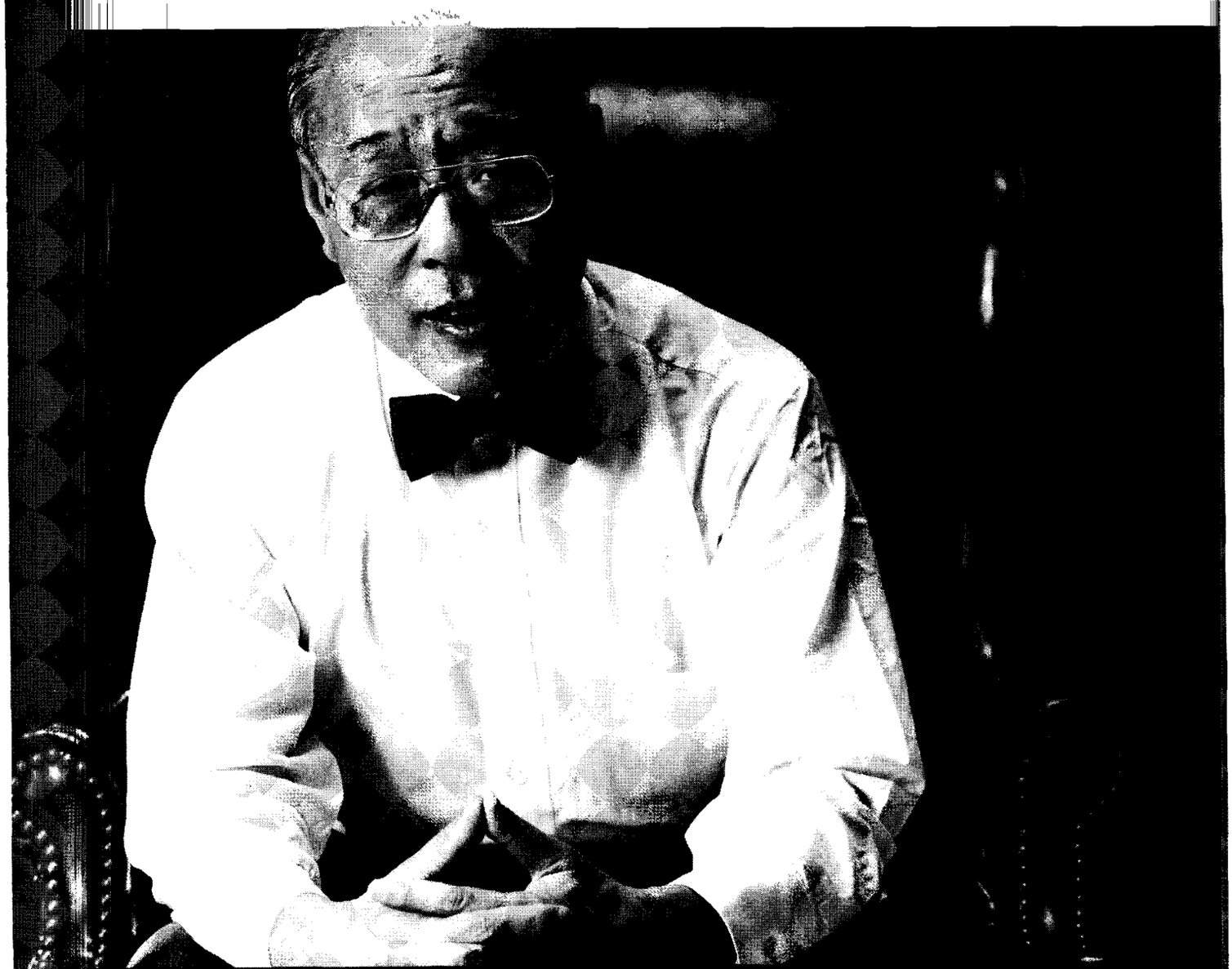

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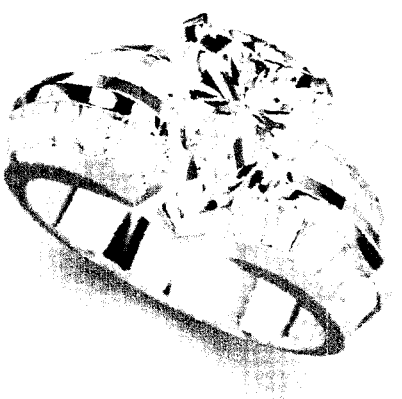

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